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FIRE AT 262 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.—INMATES LEAPING FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW

VISIT TO ST. JEROME.

How little is known in Montreal of the neighbouring country districts and of the beauties of the scenery in the immediate vicinity. There are lovely spots to be found within an hour's journey which have never been visited and are not even known to exist except in name. They are out of the ordinary routes of travel, and are thought of, if thought of at all, as rough, rude, uncivilized, with no attractions, well enough fitted, it may be, for the homes of unlettered and ignorant farmers, where a little grain or hay may be raised—*et voilà tout.*

Yet in our northern country, stretching out from Montreal for miles, are to be found scenes of exquisite beauty and streams flowing through valleys which in summer laugh in the sun, and are sheltered in winter from the rough northern wind by the clumps of trees so disposed as to form natural barriers to its angry sweep from the Polar regions. How many have travelled over these roads or penetrated to the Laurentian hills, whose savage grandeur may well fill the heart of an artist with delight? But few, we imagine, in this busy, bustling, money-making city of Montreal have ventured on this unknown land, which, regarded from a merely pecuniary point of view, is full of interest to them.

Of late the village of St. JEROME, one of these northern settlements, has become more generally known than ever previously. Some years ago it had been somewhat notorious, but now, thanks to the exertions of its Mayor, Mr. Laviolette, its energetic curé, Mr. Labelle, and other public spirited inhabitants, it may one day become famous, and from the humble rank of a village may rise to the dignity of a city, with a large population and untold wealth. It was here the design for a Northern Colonization Railway was, if not conceived, at least most energetically advocated, until from the modest proposal for a cheap narrow gauge line, with wooden rails, the project has burgeoned out into the grand conception of a Canadian Pacific line, the first stages of which are to be a direct route to Ottawa, on to Pembroke, and still onward to the West, and along which is to flow the unceasing traffic of China, Japan, British India, and the Australasian Colonies. Such a project may be realized some day, but there must first be a beginning. To ascertain whether, and when this would be made, the Corporation of St. Jerome invited the Corporation of Montreal to visit them, to enjoy their hospitality, and view the land.

On Tuesday, the 31st of January, the excursion took place. The rendezvous, the City Hall; the hour, half-past nine; the conveyances, various. After the intense cold of the preceding week the temperature was felt to be balmy. A light mist was hovering over the river, and as the procession started a slight, very slight drizzle fell, or rather exuded from the mist. Passing through the city and up St. Lawrence street, Mile End was soon reached, and passing through the toll-bar, we are fairly in the open country. Acres of snow are on each side, but the road itself has been carefully ploughed, a superfluous foot or two having been first cut in blocks and built up in walls glittering from its many points in the sun as he fitfully peeped out from rifts in the grey clouds which almost covered the sky, Mount Royal itself being covered with a fleecy mantle, shrouding its beauty as with a bridal veil. A short turn of the road and we are passing beside a hard-wood grove, a little further and we come upon men, busily engaged tracing out with horses and ploughs the lines on which already men are busily engaged sawing out ice, to be stored away in a painfully new-looking ice-house erected in the field, a short distance from the pond from which the ice is being transferred. A cheery call comes occasionally from one sleigh to another, and the "naked beauty" of cigars sends its aroma into the morning air. There are but few objects of interest on this part of the road; houses are thinly scattered, but such as are passed are in clumps, on every window-pane the noses of women and children being flattened in their eager acquisition of knowledge as to the why and wherefore of so unusual a sight as a long string of city sleighs with painted panels headed by a red cariole, with a red superstructure, leading the way. It cannot be a marriage procession, for there is no blushing bride, nor are there any lively bridesmaids. Tired with the mental effort, the noses are withdrawn and resume their pristine shape, and in most cases a friendly wave of the hand in answer to a silent salutation from one of the sleighs in advance, greets the inmates of the last conveyance.

Sault au Recollet reached, a short halt is made, and a few who had started before the main body welcome the arrivals. The partially covered bridge passed and the toll carefully collected by a jolly looking Canadian, who does not appear to have "took a pike" out of misanthropy, or to get out of the way of "widders," as he has a wife and family of his own comfortably installed, and we are on Isle Jesus, the scene for many a long day of the indefatigable Dr. Smallwood's labours in the cause of science. A sharp pull up the hill overlooking the river, a sudden descent, during which we catch a glimpse of the handsome church of Sault au Recollet, another steep pitch and we turn to the left, the road to the right leading to Terrebonne. Skimming along with varied talk of railway projects, guesses at the condition of the land as evidenced by the signs of vegetation visible above the snow, talks of journeys in past days, reminiscences by the senior denizen of the sleigh of lumbering scenes and "moving accidents by flood and field," we seem in running to devour the way, till suddenly we turn off the main road, and enter upon a short cut through a maple grove, "a capital chance for cogs," as one of the party remarked, on business thoughts intent,—a wretched place for *cahots*, as all were fully sensible of, despite the softness of the cushions. However, two miles were saved by this road, and in spite of the breaking of a trace on one of the leading sleighs and the consequent delay till it was remedied, the two spired church of St. Rose were sighted in good time, and a few minutes more, there was not a window nor a door without its tenant, each staring, smiling, bowing to the dignitaries. Good, well built stone houses, and every appearance of prosperity, a beautiful church and good *Presbytère*, the registry office, well filled shops, and waggon, carriage and plough-makers show St. Rose to be a place of some importance. No

stoppage here; a rush round a sharp corner and with a dash we are on the Rivière de Chêne, a wide shallow branch of the Ottawa, over which the travel in summer is by a long, rickety wooden bridge, supported on what seem to be numberless piers, not so substantial as they might be. Leaving the river we are again on the solid land and at a short distance from the river, we turn at right angles to the road which continues onwards to St. Eustache, and speed on our way to Ste. Thérèse. As the village street is entered, the coachies, who have been, like the Irish postillion, "keeping a gallop for the avenue," make a dash through, followed by admiring gazers, and passing by the large church, halt in front of the *Hotel du Peuple*, a comfortable hostelry at which good entertainment is provided for man and beast. Descending, the whole party proceeds to the College, where the reverend gentlemen in charge, headed by the Superior, the Rev. Mr. Nantel, slim of figure and courtly in manner, and the Rev. Mr. Charlebois, offer hearty welcome. A pleasant conversation takes place, then the village dignitaries are announced, and filing in one by one, they take their places, forming a semicircle within the door-way, the city dignitaries opposite, and round the room the reverend fathers and the minor members of the deputation. The Mayor, with all the dignity of his office, read an address of welcome, expressing the hope that the railway would now be built, and promising on the part of the inhabitants of the village that they would do what they could. Aldermen Rodden and David replied for the Corporation, and Mr. Justice Coursol for the Directors of the railway, Mr. Dansereau and Mr. Brymner replying for the Press, the Ste. Thérèse people, with a wise discretion, believing that they should make friends with the Fourth Estate, having included its representatives in the address of welcome.

The College is a large substantial building of stone, with no architectural pretensions, but having a look of massiveness and solidity, very suitable to an institution designed for the education of youth in all branches of solid learning. Under an able staff of professors are about a hundred and eighty pupils, ranging from small boys of ten or twelve years of age, up to young men nearly ready for entering on the battle of life; to many how sore a conflict! Some are light-hearted and merry with the soft downy cheeks of early boyhood; others with the shadow of the coming cares of life flitting across their features and lending a seriousness to their eyes: all are healthy looking and evidently well cared for and tended. A large play-ground, divided into senior and junior classes, affords ample accommodation for healthful exercise, a large field a little distance off being made use of in fine weather for cricketing and other games requiring greater room than can be obtained around the building. In winter days, when cold winds blow, or the snow falls heavily, or in wet weather, the pupils collect in two large *salles d'exercice*, in which, during certain hours, they may indulge in noisy games to their hearts' content, one of the reverend fathers being near to check any horse play, or restrain anything that would annoy the weaker. Up the broad flight of stairs the deputation were conducted, every class-room, study-room, hall and dormitory being thrown open to their inspection. When all had been passed in review, and the view from the upper windows admired, the descent was effected, cordial greetings exchanged and again into the open air.

But not for long. The good fathers had provided for the bodily wants of the travellers at the Hotel du Peuple. Mr. and Mrs. Boismenu had made every preparation, and it was well they had, the fresh air had sharpened every appetite and rendered luncheon a matter of necessity. Father Nantel presided with courtesy and grace, and after a reasonable time spent at the table, the order was given that the journey must be resumed.

By this time a drizzle had begun, necessitating the closing up of the covered sleighs, for a time narrowing the views, which it is the general belief travel expands. Nestling at the foot of a hill up which the road ascends, glimpses can be caught for a short way along of the College, now to the right, now to the left as the sleighs wind up the hill, till the summit reached, Ste. Thérèse is shut out from view as quickly as if the cover had been clapped on the camera when the photographer was satisfied. To the right as we drive along the ground rises gradually, backed in the distance by clumps of trees; on the left a valley, flat and stretching for some miles towards the river and in the direction of St. Eustache, the hills overlooking the Ottawa looking white and cold beyond. For some miles inwards to the little village of St. Janvier, the road is carried along a high dry ridge, evidently of no great fertility, yet with houses dotted down every here and there, showing by the barns and outbuildings with which, as a rule, they are surrounded, that their inhabitants are comfortable and by no means straitened in circumstances. One peculiarity which may be remarked is that more pains have been taken to build good barns and stables than fine houses, and the fences are almost all good. Right and left of this narrow strip, itself bordered with thin white birch and scrubby second growth, the tall hard wood trees with here and there some stately pines with feathering foliage give indications of a fertile soil needing only the labour of man to yield bounteous crops. Past the church of St. Janvier, with a few houses gathered almost under its wing, and the sandy strip comes to an end; from side to side level, somewhat rolling fields, well fenced along the road; a substantial stone house or comfortable frame building, or snug looking log hut, all give evidence that the soil still yields its increase. Need it be said that every house has its children, or that the same curiosity to see the procession, manifested nearer town, is not lessened as we enter further into the northern country. Gradually, very gradually, ascending all the way, we can see the hollow down which the North River runs, which taking its rise in the Laurentian range passes St. Odell; chafes and frets and fumes over the rocks at St. Jerome and trending to the south-east is finally swallowed up in the Ottawa at St. Andrew's.

The talk does not languish; the hail from sleigh to sleigh comes every now and then, and at intervals some musical genius striking up a song is joined by others, and the music is wafted along to those who can enjoy its tunes. The rain ceases and there is a cry of St. Jérôme, as we near the pleasant village and drive along above the high steep bank which overlooks the North River. Conspicuous stands the mill owned by Mr. Laviolette, the Mayor, a low fronted building, but having, as afterwards ascertained, much greater capacity than its first appearance would indicate; to the right a large row of houses each with its little flower plot in front, now filled with snow; the window panes variegated in colour; flags flying from every point; a group of men, distinguishable among them the jolly figure of Father Labelle, who was

hastening along to be ready to receive the deputation as they alighted from the sleighs at the door of mine host Grignon. Beyond these and the inevitable flattened noses at the windows, scarcely a soul was to be seen, till the corner of the long street was turned, the sight of the first horse's head being the signal for the firing of guns, the blaring of a brass band and the cheers of the assembled population, drawn up opposite the hotel door. A short rest and a voyage of discovery and exploration is begun, to investigate the capabilities of the village, which, it may be stated, contains 1,500 inhabitants.

At no great distance to the North the Laurentian hills can be seen overlooking the valley in which St. Jerome is placed. It is impossible in the time at disposal to visit the falls, but we learn that within a distance of six miles there is a fall of 305 feet, divided over that space by a succession of cascades or rapids, affording an enormous horse-power. On one of these is the mill occupied by Mr. Laviolette, to which a visit was paid. From long distances the farmers draw their grain to be ground, and the seven runs of stones which it contains are kept pretty constantly employed. Although a holiday, and getting nearly dark before the inspection could be made, one of the runs of stones was set in motion to show its action, and the rapidity with which it ground up the grain and the ease with which it was done were highly appreciated by those who possessed a knowledge of this business. Mr. Laviolette stated he had room for five additional runs of stones, and then there would be a large amount of waste power. Besides this mill there is another of the same description, as also two saw mills, one shingle machine, one carding mill, and a cloth factory turning out 200 yards of tweed daily. But very much more ambitious projects are contemplated. An elaborate survey made upwards of a year ago resulted in a plan to give two hundred and sixty mill lots, which would employ upwards of forty-six thousand horse-power, still leaving for future wants nearly seventy-three thousand five hundred horse-power additional. As we left the building the darkness was coming on, and the object of the variegated window-panes could now be seen, every house being illuminated simply yet effectively, the varied colours having a fine effect. A dinner, speech-making, music, and a few dances for the more agile, closed the day's proceedings, the most friendly feelings and thorough gratification being expressed on all sides, and best wishes for the accomplishment of the railway scheme, to talk over which had been one of the principal objects of the expedition.

As far as St. Jerome elaborate surveys have been made, and three routes have been suggested by which this point can be reached. Beyond this, and to reach Ottawa and the North-Western country beyond, not even an exploratory survey has as yet, so far as we can learn, been undertaken. It would, therefore, be premature to express any decided opinion as to the feasibility of making a line further in this direction. So far as is known the Laurentian hills, seamed and furrowed with great streams, gullies and water-courses interpose a barrier to the building of a railway except by striking off into the interior and reaching the base of the Laurentides, or by running to Grenville and from thence up the north shore of the Ottawa to Hull, crossing there to the south side to reach the Capital. By this latter route seven large streams must be bridged over between Grenville and Hull, and the Ottawa itself would be the eighth. Up till a very recent period the most favoured project was to start from Mile End by Vinet's Bridge, St. Martin, Moulin à la Dalle, St. Thérèse to St. Jerome, partly along the road we have just travelled, but part of it to the left, and out of sight of the high way, shortening the distance by several miles. To connect with the Canada Central it was proposed to go to Grenville and there cross the Ottawa to Hawkesbury, taking the line through the counties of Prescott and Russell, skirting the County of Carleton and into the city of Ottawa. Naturally the Quebec Government favour the Northern route in order to open up their own Province, but it is doubtful how far the scheme will commend itself to commercial men in view of the engineering difficulties to be surmounted as compared with those to be met with by the Southern line beyond Grenville. Up to St. Jerome and onwards to Grenville there would be no difficulty experienced in building a good and sufficient line which would open up the country and wonderfully develop its resources. Even if the larger project were not carried out it would be for the best interests of Montreal to assist the smaller, as its commercial value would be of immense benefit. But there is another point of view from which the scheme may be regarded. Every summer homes are broken up, and the unfortunate master of the household and the young men in business are left to shift for themselves, while the feminine portion of the family and the younger branches are enjoying themselves "by the Sad Sea Waves." Here within easy distance summer quarters could be found from which men in business could reach the city in an hour's time, and return in the evenings after their day's work, instead of having to seek such amusement as the hot and stifling city can afford, or of being left to form habits by no means consistent with the virtues of domestic life. Then attracted by the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil many would acquire homesteads, and by an improved style of agriculture train by their example their less fortunate fellow-farmers to the practice of modern husbandry instead of the rude and antiquated methods now in use. Such has been the case in other countries and even in other portions of our own country. There is nothing visionary in the belief that the construction of this line would have the most beneficial effect in this direction. Supposing that the improvement so greatly to be desired has been attained, and new wants, new desires, new necessities are created. A greater demand will spring up for all that the city must be called on to supply, and the Northern Colonization Road pushing out to the farther valleys along the base of the Laurentians will repay manifold all that it will cost the city for assistance to overcome its first difficulties.

But we are sitting still in the hospitable *Presbytère*, with the warm-hearted, far-seeing energetic curé, engaged in amicable converse, while business demands a return to the city. The horses are harnessed; each man wraps himself up in his warmest covering, for the journey is long, though the day is mild, three jolly cheers and we bid adieu to the hearty welcome of St. Jerome, glide past the houses in the long village street, into the open country, pass over the same ground that we had traversed yesterday, come into the thick of a horse race whose turning point is at the tavern at Sault au Recollet, the scene of great excitement, where we are compelled to wait till the horses have arrived, turned and started on their homeward journey, and so we fare onwards till, Mount Royal reached, we slide down St. Lawrence street, and so once more are swallowed up in the whirling vortex of the city.

TORONTO VIEWS.

THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The Bank of British North America has always held a high position among the banking institutions of the country and possesses to an extraordinary extent the confidence of the public. It enjoys the reputation of being a long established, sound, safe, and pre-eminently respectable bank,—its respectability being perhaps enhanced by its unobtrusiveness, and its connection, not only with the mother country, but with many of the principal cities of the United States. Few banks, perhaps in the whole world, have so many agencies, scattered throughout North America from Halifax to the Pacific coast.

The building of the Toronto branch of the Bank of British North America stands on the north-east corner of Yonge and Wellington Streets, within convenient distance of the business centre of the city. It was erected in 1845, at a cost of about \$20,000, from the designs of J. G. Howard, Esq., of Toronto. The building is 50 feet square, and three storeys high, built in the Grecian Ionic style, and faced with cut stone from the Thorold quarries. The principal entrance is up three circular steps under a four column portico, surmounted by the royal arms of England in bold relief. There are two private entrances—one for the manager on Wellington Street, and another for the clerks on Yonge Street. The façade of the angle of the building is carried up with pilasters and cornice, surmounted by a bold scroll and scallop shell, being a facsimile of those on the Bank of England. The interior is very roomy, and handsomely fitted up. The Tellers' office measures 43 feet by 23. The vault enclosing the iron safe is built of stone in large blocks two feet thick.

THE BOYS' HOME.

A great credit to the City of Toronto is the Home provided by the generosity of its citizens as a refuge for homeless boys. A condition—and a wise one—is attached to the reception of destitute boys, which requires that they should be "not convicted of crime." The Institution has been the means of rescuing hundreds of street Arabs from a life of misery, and only too probably of crime, and of placing many of its *protégés* in honourable positions, with the means of earning their living honestly, and of becoming in time respected members of society.

The Boys' Home, a plain substantial building in the Gothic style, of red and white brick with stone dressings, was erected by the liberality of the citizens of Toronto, aided by the Burnside trust, on a plot of land, situate on the east side of George Street, which was purchased from the Hon. G. W. Allan. The building is 73 by 30 feet with a projecting portico in front. The basement contains dining-room, kitchen, and offices; on the ground-floor, to the right of the entrance hall, is the school-room, with reception room and board room to the left. The two upper floors contain the dormitories. The cost of the entire building, which was erected by Messrs. Gundry and Langley, was about \$5,000.

The Home was erected for destitute boys of the Province of Ontario, whether orphans or otherwise, and without distinction of creed, and each boy is allowed to attend any place of worship which either he or his friends may choose. There are at present about sixty inmates, of ages ranging between five and fourteen.

THE GORE BANK, HAMILTON, ONT.

The "ambitious little city" as Hamilton used in former days to be called, is one of the, if not the prettiest to be found in the Upper Provinces. It has no wealth of grand scenery and historic monuments to compare with Quebec, nor of architectural magnificence to challenge contrast with the commercial capital of the Dominion; neither can it pretend to the ownership of important public institutions nor the vast expanse of street, avenue and structure, and the great outflow and inflow of trade which give such preeminence to Toronto. It is unique in its situation; on a gently sloping plateau, bordering on Burlington Bay, it rises from the low grounds on the east to the more pretentious heights of the Crystal Palace, and of Dundurn on the west; and from the wharves and busy G.W.R. Station on the north, a like gentle slope carries it to the foot of the mountain on the south. Its streets, running at right angles, mark the four points of the compass and cut it up into very regular blocks. Many of the streets are planted with trees and give an admirable shade in summer. But its most attractive ornamentation, in the very heart of the city, and the centre of its business, is the enclosure on the Gore of King street, which Gore is formed by the street being widened to about three times its ordinary extent (on the south side) from James street eastward, gradually narrowing until, in the length of two or three blocks, King street, (which is the central street east and west as James street is north and south) resumes its normal breadth. Upon this "gore" are a couple of fountains, and a handsome enclosure of shrubbery, &c.; and on the S.W. corner of King and Hughson streets, fronting the "gore," stands the Gore Bank building, an illustration of which appears in the present number. There is nothing specially attractive in the building itself. When compared with many of the other architectural adornments of Hamilton it may be fairly put down as utterly unworthy notice; but the view from the Gore, southward, with the building on the right and the mountain in the distance, makes a pretty urban scene, though it is but one, and by no means the finest of the many which Hamilton can boast. In future issues we shall take occasion to illustrate some of the prominent architectural and scenic attractions in and about the ancient "Port Burlington" (*via* Ancaster!!!)

OIL WELLS OF JOHN D. NOBLE, ESQ., AT PETROLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The Oil business of Canada has assumed such proportions, and has become such an important element of Canadian commerce, that we have sent our special artist to the Oil Regions of Petrolia in the county of Lambton, Ontario, for the purpose of obtaining a sketch of some of the principal Oil Wells there, one of which we submit to our readers with the present number. The sketch on another page represents the Oil Wells of Mr. John D. Noble, who is one of the most enterprising Oil Producers in Canada, and who has done very much towards lessening the cost of the production of Crude Oil by consolidating the machinery and appliances therefor, under one building, for the purpose of pumping several Wells with the same amount of labour and fuel which is ordinarily used in the pumping of one, as will be seen in the illustration

These Wells are situated upon Lot 12 in the 11th Concession of the Township of Enniskillen, and near the Petrolia branch of the Great Western Railway of Canada.

The deposit of oil lies in a strata of rock supposed to be about forty feet thick, and imbedded in the earth about five hundred feet below the surface. The earth is pierced with a small hole about five inches in diameter, by means of a drill, down to this oil-bearing rock, and a long tube is inserted in this hole, which is screwed together in fifteen feet lengths as fast as it is lowered down; the oil and water is pumped up through this tube by means of a steam engine and is forced into a large wooden tank on the top of the ground, the oil immediately separates from the water and floats on the top, and is run off into a second tank alongside of the first one, from whence it is barrelled up and shipped off to the different refineries where it is manufactured, deodorized and prepared for market. Mr. Noble employs about thirty men a day at his works, has fifteen steam engines in operation, and about 20,000 feet of tubing or iron pipe for conveying the oil, and about 30,000 barrels of tankage capacity for holding the same. He has a large wooden tank erected at the Railway Station, into which he pumps all the oil from his different wells, and from here it is delivered free on board the tank cars of the Great Western Railway. The item of cartage alone, the saving of which is effected by this means, is a large profit of itself upon his year's business. Mr. Noble estimates the total production of his wells to be about 700 barrels per week, which is about 1-10th part of the total production of the oil wells of Canada. The wells at Petrolia have been in operation about six years and produce now about 7,000 barrels of oil per week.

LABRADOR VIEWS.

No. 1.—DRAWING FIREWOOD IN DOG SLEDGES.

The interior of the Labrador country is almost a *terra incognita*, though its coast has been frequented for centuries on account of its valuable fisheries. Mr. A. J. Russell describes it as extending a thousand miles from east to west, between Cape St. Charles at the Straits of Belle-Isle, and James's Bay (an extension of the Hudson's); and eight hundred miles from north to south, that is from Cape Wolstenholme, its northern extremity, to the height of land between the waters of Rupert's river and those of the Saguenay. Labrador so defined, forms a vast Peninsula, bounded on the south-west, between James's Bay and the Mouth of the St. Lawrence, by Rupert's River up to its source, Mislassinic Lake, and thence eastward by a line to Seven Islands. This, however, describes a territory which, though geographically, as well as in many other particulars, is sufficiently distinguished from the rest of British North America to entitle it to a distinctive name, yet embraces what is usually called the East Main of the Hudson's Bay Territory, as well as Labrador proper. Mr. Russell says these regions exceed in extent Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Lapland taken together; the boundaries he describes taking in an area of four hundred and eighty thousand square miles. But it is only the southern part of this Peninsula, as far eastward as Ance Blanc Sablon, about ninety miles west of the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle, and backwards about one hundred miles north of the Gulf (to the sources of the rivers falling into it)—which part is now under the jurisdiction of Canada, as also that portion on the west coast of the Atlantic which is under the jurisdiction of the Newfoundland Government—that constitute Labrador in the usual acceptance of the term. Still, more strictly speaking, it is only the Newfoundland portion of the territory, *i. e.* from Ance Blanc Sablon eastward along the Straits of Belle Isle, hence north-west on the Atlantic coast to Hudson's Straits, with Ungava Bay on the west, that is called Labrador, and on the maps this is the region that is so marked, its western boundary being left a matter of conjecture, just as "East Main" is written on the Hudson's Bay side of the Peninsula with the same disregard of exact limits, though with far more pretension to dimensions. "Labrador," says Mr. Russell, "was first discovered in A. D. 986, by the Northman Bearne, the son of Heseleif, who called it 'Helluland it Mikla' or 'Great Slate Land' from the stratified rocks (secondary lime-stone) seen on its coast. It was rediscovered by Sebastian Cabot, and five years afterwards, in A. D. 1501, it was visited by Corte Real, who, with less accuracy, called it 'Terra Labrador,' Cultivable or Labourer Land, believing it to be 'so from the growth of trees he saw upon it.'"

We purpose, in due course, to give a short series of Labrador Views from sketches made by Mr. N. Tetu, who has spent many years in the country. In the present number will be found a view of the dog sledge at work in the useful employment of drawing in the firewood, consisting mainly of spruce and fir stumps, branches and "brush" as the scanty vegetation affords. The dogs used for this service are called "wolf dogs," said to be a crossbreed between the Newfoundland dog and the wolf. They are kept in order by an immense lash in the hands of the driver, as shewn in the sketch, and it will be noticed that the empty sledge is stopped at a safe distance from the loaded one going in the opposite direction to prevent the risk of a fight between the "teams."

THE FIRE ON NOTRE DAME STREET, JAN. 28.

A little after midnight of Saturday, January 28th, a fire was discovered in a millinery store, No. 262, Notre Dame Street, which resulted in the death of three human beings, the other inmates of the premises above the shop only escaping destruction by jumping from the second storey window. Such human sacrifices occur but seldom now-a-days, on account of the improved construction of buildings, but No. 262 was one of a block of old stone houses, two and a half storeys high, divided into two stores by a wooden partition with no other communication with the upper flats than a narrow spiral stair-case, and no means of ingress or egress but by the front door. These circumstances favoured the sad catastrophe, and ought to suggest the necessity of enforcing better precautions against fire, in the interior arrangements of buildings. The shop of Miss Paradis, in which the fire originated, was closed at 10 o'clock, and at midnight the fire was discovered by Constables Benoy and Chevallier, and the alarm at once sounded. The servant girl, living with the family of John Caro above the store, was also aroused by the smoke and gave the alarm to the inmates. A carter, named David Gleeson, who was driving past, was hailed by Constable Barnett and immediately backed his sleigh under the second storey window, from which were heard the shrieks of the affrighted inmates. The children, an infant seven months old, a boy of three, and two girls aged respec-

tively five and nine years, were dropped down into the sleigh. Miss Paradis, Mrs. Caro, and lastly Caro himself jumped down and were safely rescued from the flames; but the poor man shouted in the wildest distraction for his "poor boy!" This boy, a lad of 13, slept in the third flat with his uncle, Henry Caro, who had just come from New York a few days previously on a visit to his brother. The body of the boy was found partly dressed huddled under the blankets, shewing that the little fellow had tried to escape, but overcome by the smoke, sought relief under the clothes, where he was suffocated. His uncle, Henry Caro, aged 40, was found on the stairway, a charred and blackened corpse. In another room of the third story was found the dead body of the girl, Fanny Burgess, aged 23. She, too, had been smothered by the density of the smoke while endeavouring to make her way to the window as the fire had not reached the room she occupied. She had emigrated from Ireland about six years ago, though she was only in the service of the Caro family a week before the fire. The fire is supposed to have originated at the end of the counter from the extreme heat caused by the stove which stood very near, and in which a large fire had been placed because of the coldness of the night.

THE VILLAGE OF ROBINSON.

Robinson is a small thriving village in the Township of Bury, Compton County (Eastern Townships), in the district of St. Francis, P.Q. It is twenty-one miles distant from Lennoxville, and forty-two miles from Lake Megantic. In Lovell's new Directory for the Province of Quebec full particulars will be found as to its distance from surrounding towns and villages, the rate of fares, &c., as well as a complete list of the business and professional men and principal residents of the village. It has at present a population of about three hundred inhabitants.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR.

AT THE FOUNTAIN IN METZ.

After the capitulation of the garrison of Metz the first care that devolved upon the victorious army was to supply the wants of the starving inhabitants. Accordingly large quantities of provisions were sent into the city, and by the strenuous exertions and the liberality of the Prussians the misery that always prevails in a besieged town was speedily reduced. But once all fear of starvation being dispelled, both Prussians and French found themselves beset by a new danger. It was found that by some defect in the waterworks the supply of water was beginning to fail. Prompt measures were taken to remedy the defect, but in the meantime all the fountains within the city were placed under strict supervision, the water was turned on only at stated hours, and a limited quantity was allowed to each person. Our illustration will give some idea of the scene at the "hour of drawing water." The usual assemblage of chattering old women, of tattered urchins, and natty, smiling *grisettes* are to be found at the fountain, presided over by two Prussian officers, who are doing their best to make themselves agreeable to the pretty girls.

THE MARKET PLACE AT THIONVILLE.

Our two-page illustration gives a very fair idea of the appearance presented by the interior of a fortified town after a long bombardment. On every side ruin and destruction—battered walls, destroyed houses, crowds of peasants, and gaunt, hungry-looking citizens gazing eagerly at the unaccustomed plenty which surrounds them after so many weeks of privation and danger. The market place shows a scene of life and activity such as it has not presented for months. On the one side the victorious troops are entering the city, slowly defiling along the main street, arms and accoutrements clashing and the wheels of the artillery rumbling over the stones in grim discord with the shrill cries of the haggling buyers and sellers in the market. In one corner some *bourgeoises* are squabbling over the high prices asked by the peasants, while behind them a couple of Prussian guards are galivanting with a pair of bouncing *paysannes*. Further on two more Germans, in front of a victualler's waggon, are pressing their hospitality on some French troopers, while their comrade is giving a half loaf to a poor woman with a couple of hungry children. The sad state of the walls shows the effects of the vigorous bombardment carried on by the Germans.

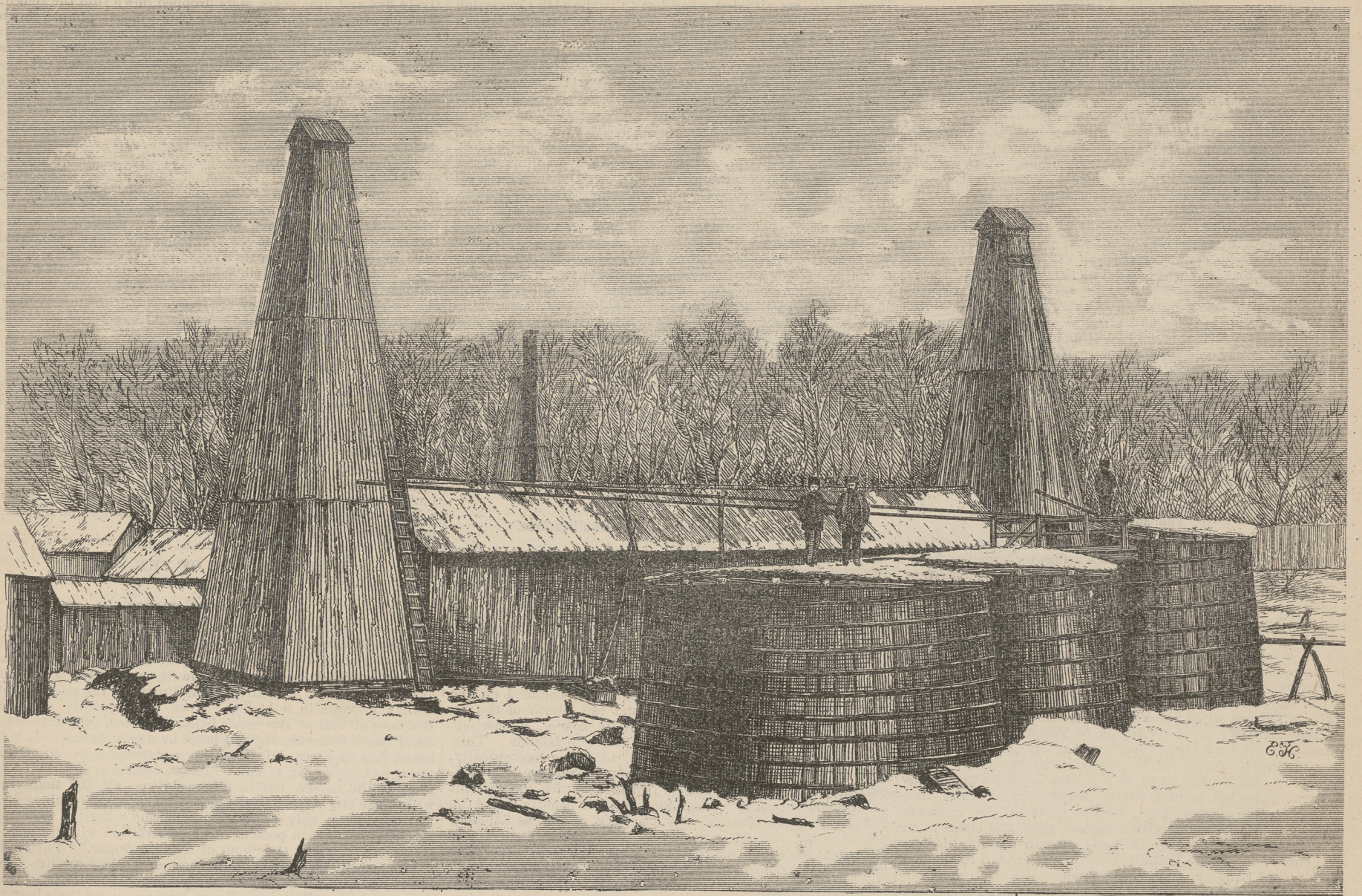
Among the officers sent to Versailles by the neutral Powers for the purpose of watching the bombardment of Paris are eight or ten Russian officers of various grades, and several English officers. Nine Japanese officers have also been sent by the Emperor of Japan, in order to gain an insight into military matters.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Jan. 30, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 24.....	—18°	—10°	—8°	
Wednesday, " 25.....	—10°	—11°	—13°	
Thursday, " 26.....	—17°	—10°	—12°	
Friday, " 27.....	—3°	2°	10°	
Saturday, " 28.....	—2°	2°	1°	
Sunday, " 29.....	5°	16°	20°	
Monday, " 30.....	20°	26°	18°	
	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	
Tuesday, Jan. 24.....	—8°	—26°	—17°	
Wednesday, " 25.....	—10°	—14°	—12°	
Thursday, " 26.....	—10°	—24°	—17°	
Friday, " 27.....	12°	—16°	—2°	
Saturday, " 28.....	4°	—8°	—2°	
Sunday, " 29.....	24°	—7°	8° 5	
Monday, " 30.....	28°	14°	21°	

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

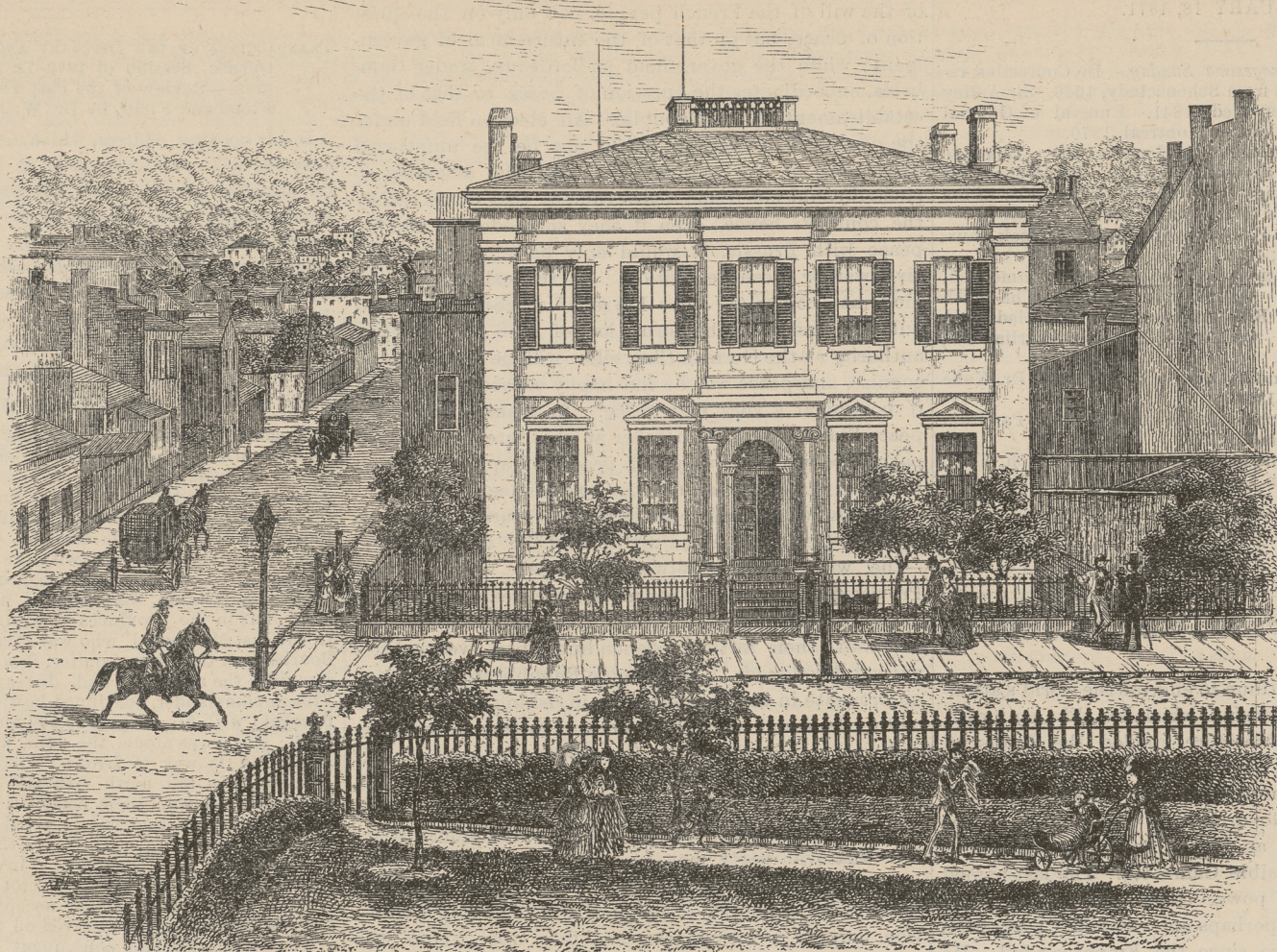
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 24.....	30.47	30.42	30.46	
Wednesday, " 25.....	30.88	30.96	31.05	
Thursday, " 26.....	30.96	30.85	30.64	
Friday, " 27.....	30.14	30.06	30.24	
Saturday, " 28.....	30.58	30.62	30.59	
Sunday, " 29.....	30.28	30.15	30.13	
Monday, " 30.....	30.40	30.50	30.48	



THE OIL WELLS OF MR. JOHN D. NOBLE, AT PETROLIA.



THE VILLAGE OF ROBINSON, BURY, E. T. FROM A SKETCH BY DR. BOMPAS.



THE GORE BANK, HAMILTON, QNT.



LABRADOR VIEWS.—No. 1. DRAWING FIREWOOD ON DOG SLEDGES. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TETU

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 12.— <i>Sexagesima Sunday.</i> De Courcelles retreats from Schenectady, 1666. Sir Astley Cooper died, 1841. Funeral of General Windham at Montreal, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 13.—Massacre of Glencoe, 1691. Duke de Berri assassinated, 1821. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hastings Doyle named Commander of the Forces in B. N. A., 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 14.— <i>St. Valentine, Bp.</i> Captain Cook murdered, 1779.
WEDNESDAY,	" 15.—National debt of England commenced, 1500. Galileo born, 1564. The Irish Land Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone, 1870. Opening of the Federal Parliament, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 16.—Lindley Murray died, 1826. Dr. Kane died, 1857.
FRIDAY,	" 17.—Michael Angelo died, 1564. Partition of Poland, 1772.
SATURDAY,	" 18.—Canada settled by the French, 1534. Martin Luther died, 1546.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

Affairs in France continue to engross the world's attention. The spirit of dissension, which has, like an inevitable fatality, always heretofore spoiled the cherished schemes of French Republican leaders, does not spare the "Provisional Government of National Defence," for already there are two Governments, one at Paris, under the leadership of Favre, another at Bordeaux at the head of which is the irrepressible Gambetta. The last named gentleman, whose chief power consists in the fact of his being an "orator" (and perhaps an "essayist?"), has been the evil genius of France since the Emperor's fall. He was among the first to fly from Paris on the plea of rousing the country to arms; but though the French people did rise with commendable patriotism it has not been shewn that he evinced the slightest administrative capacity either in arming and provisioning or in organizing the new levies. By his inflammatory appeals to the people he doubtless contributed to thwart the early efforts of Favre and Thiers in the cause of peace; and now that an armistice has been granted the broken-down and beaten nation he insanely calls upon the people to improve the three weeks of rest by preparing to renew the struggle! Were he not bereft of common sense he would see that France must be less prepared on the 19th February than she was on the 27th January, to continue the war. By the articles of armistice, two hundred thousand French soldiers become prisoners of war, with all their arms and munitions in the possession of the Prussians, and Paris falls into the hands of the enemy without a shot the moment hostilities are resumed. Now there can be no possibility of the Provinces retrieving such a loss by any process of recruiting and training within the short space of time allowed by the armistice; and even if it were retrieved there would be no rational ground for renewing hostilities on the part of France; because from the beginning of the war up to the signing of the armistice the Prussian progress was scarcely interrupted; while the disengagement of the greater part of the besieging force before Paris would enable the Prussians to strengthen their armies operating in other quarters, and thus render still more hopeless a cause virtually lost before. There is still, therefore, hope for peace despite the reckless violence of Gambetta and his fanatical supporters.

It is not merely in this ill-timed zeal for the prosecution of the war that Gambetta has injured the cause of his country, and of the party which he hopes to serve. His call for preparation might have been excused as a ruse to extort the best possible terms from the enemy; but his decree disqualifying for election to the National Assembly all members of families reigning over France since 1789, all persons who had acted as Imperial official candidates in past elections, or held office as Ministers, Senators, or Councillors of State under the Empire, and all prefects who had accepted office between the 2nd of December, 1851, and the 4th of September, 1870, is so manifestly intended to enforce the Republican yoke upon the necks of the French people, in defiance of their will, that his selfish and revolutionary designs are completely exposed. He places a political triumph before peace, the cause of the Republic before the cause of France. Against this Bismarck righteously objects, and demands a free assembly to constitute a government with which he can negotiate. And M. Jules Favre is equally energetic in condemning Gambetta's decree, declaring on the part of his wing of the Provisional Government that the elections shall be free—that the people may choose their candidates without restriction. Thus it comes that the

government at Paris, led by Favre, seeks the expression of the will of the French people, not only on the question of peace, but on that of the future form of government; while the government at Bordeaux, under Gambetta, subordinates the question of peace to that of the establishment of the Republic. An election held under the proposed restrictions would not be the unfettered expression of the popular will, and the assembly so elected could not frame a government that would satisfy the country; hence, even if they succeeded in making peace with Prussia, it would only be a preliminary to civil war or fresh revolution. On the other hand, the moderate course of Jules Favre, if successfully carried out, will result in the formation of such an executive authority as the German Chancellor will be bound to recognize, and peace will be the happy consequence—even if bought at a very high price. In making terms for peace France should remember at what rate she has been paying for war, for a very dear peace will appear cheap in the light of her last six months' experience.

Speculation grows keener as to the future government of France, and it need hardly be said that the dissension—the wide breach—between the two wings of the Provisional Government has much improved the prospects of the Imperial family. Orleanist and Bourbon look on and wait, their fortunes depending upon eventualities not yet developed. The extreme Republicans have been unfortunate in their leaders, who, in risking a continuance of the war—and, as a consequence, further humiliation and greater calamities for France—for the sake of their own theories of government have thrown away the opportunity they once had of winning confidence by making an honourable peace the chief aim of their administration. But whatever party may be called upon to administer, the task will be a difficult one. A wasted country, a heavy debt, an empty exchequer, and a starving population, impose a serious responsibility upon those who undertake the administration of affairs, and ought, we think, to dispel all notion of courtly extravagance and the maintenance of an expensive military system, by whatever title the ruler of the nation may be designated. It will take many years to restore the crippled industries of France to the state of prosperity they enjoyed in July last; and still longer for the nation to pay off the enormous burthen of debt which the war has created. There are other injuries which the nation has sustained that are irreparable and others again of an irritating character—those to the pride and national sentiment of the people—which it will be the duty of wise administrators to calm and the privilege of demagogues to excite and aggravate. Perhaps the hardest task now before the French people is to learn to accept defeat with equanimity; as it will be for the Germans to carry their victory without exultation. But the struggle has already been severe and exhaustive enough on both sides to give reasonable ground for believing that when peace is made, it will be—as between France and Germany, a lasting one.

A most outrageous deed was recently perpetrated at Lachine, where on the night of Friday, week before last, three or four young men broke into the dead-house and carried away the bodies of two nuns and a girl named Boyer. Instant and vigorous search was made, and a clue to the identity of the perpetrators found, but the most singular part of the proceeding is that the bodies, after having been hawked round the dissecting-rooms of this city for sale, without success, were returned to the proper authority at Lachine, on the payment of \$112 and a pledge not to reveal the names of the sacrilegious burglars! The facts have been exposed through the columns of the *Montreal Gazette* to an extent that must, we think, compel a rigid investigation; and while no one can blame the intention of the two good gentlemen who, in their anxiety to recover the bodies, agreed to the outrageous condition of allowing the villains to go unwhipped of justice, yet there is an offence known to the law as "compounding felony;" and we think the obligation to society is greater than any that ought to be contracted to shield the desecrators of the dead. The matter is said to be under investigation.

Sir John Rose has been in the city during the present week. The rumours set afloat by the American press as to his having been sent to Washington to negotiate away the Canadian fisheries have been contradicted—unanimously we think, for surely nobody in Canada believed them.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Senators to fill vacancies recently created, viz: Hon. E. Perry, in the place of the Hon. G. Crawford, deceased; Frank Smith, Esq., in the place of the Hon. Walter McRae, resigned; and E. Churchill, Esq., in the place of the Hon. M. Anderson, deceased. The last named new Senator represents Nova Scotia; the two former Ontario. There is another vacancy in the representation of the latter Province caused by the death of the Hon. John Ross.

It is considered probable that the Marquis of Headfort will be succeeded in the Lord-Lieutenancy of Cavan by Lord Lisgar. Lord Headfort was Lady Lisgar's step-father.

LITERARY NOTICE.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC, Session of 1870-71. Paper I.—Opening Address—Review of the Past Year—Moving Accidents by Flood and Field, by Dr. W. J. Anderson, President.

In his opening address, which forms a pamphlet of some forty pages, Dr. Anderson gives an interesting description of the principal events of the past year, interspersed with personal reminiscences of some of the many note-worthy occurrences of the year in this country. The pamphlet will well repay perusal, and will be found useful for reference, as it is replete with information and valuable scientific data. The Transactions of the Quebec Society should have a place in the library of every Canadian literary man.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the armistice measures were taken in and around Paris to carry out the terms agreed upon. The German troops occupied the forts, while at the gates of the city the disarming of the troops was actively carried on, and in the meantime, pending the arrival of provisions from points outside the line, the besieging armies fraternally shared their stores with the half-starved citizens and garrison of Paris. In the neighbourhood of the city the terms of the capitulation were carried out without the slightest hitch, but in the provinces difficulties arose on both sides. In the east Manteuffel, who was then hemming in the army of Bourbaki on the Swiss frontier, is reported to have refused to recognize the armistice, and, disregarding the protests of the French commander, continued hostilities, by which he forced Bourbaki with his army of 80,000 men to retreat into Switzerland. One corps alone, the 24th, succeeded in escaping and in making its way to Lyons. The siege of Belfort is still going on. In the north Generals Faidherbe and Dargent refused to evacuate their positions in accordance with the terms of the armistice, but received orders from the Government at Bordeaux to comply. In this quarter the Prussians again violated the armistice by investing Abbeville, entering Fécamp, and occupying Yvetôt in the neighbourhood of Havre. In the west Chanzy accepted the armistice, which has since been strictly observed on both sides.

The first excitement consequent upon the capitulation of Paris has now given way to a feeling of expectation and intense curiosity as to the result of the elections for the National Assembly which were to have been held on Wednesday, the 8th. Upon the action taken by the Assembly depends entirely the future of France, and on it too depend the chances of the restoration of the Imperial family or of the return of the Bourbons. All parties, from the extreme Red to the extreme Conservative, are to be represented. Among the latter we find the Marquis de Talhouet and Bernard Dutrieu, while such men as Thiers, Changarnier and Emile Keller will represent the moderate party. From Paris come Favre, Glais-Bizoin, Ernest Picard, Jules Simon, Pelletier, Arago, Garnier-Pagès, Ferry and Rochefort, in semi-opposition to the Bordeaux party, led by Gambetta, Cremieux and Fourichon. On the 1st inst. the latter party, whose policy is war so long as the Prussians remain on French soil, issued a decree disqualifying for election to the Assembly members of families reigning over France since 1789, and all persons who have acted as Imperial official candidates in past elections or held office as Ministers, Senators, or Councillors of State under the Empire, and prefects who have accepted office between the 2nd December, 1851, and the 4th Sept., 1870,—or, in other words, under the Imperial régime. The result of this decree has been to throw the negotiations into confusion and to cause a complete rupture between the Paris and the Bordeaux governments. Not only have Favre and Bismarck protested against the decree as opposed to the freedom of the elections, but petitions have been sent in from parties among the people of Paris praying that it be rescinded. The German Chancellor suggested, as a solution of the difficulty, the convocation of the Corps Législatif, but this Favre refused, and Gambetta, in return, issued a declaration maintaining the electoral disqualification, and replying to Bismarck's protest that "it (the disqualification) frustrates the plans of Bismarck and his accomplices, the fallen dynasty, and the insolent pretensions of the Prussian minister to interfere with the constitution of a French Assembly." The disagreement between the two Governments has now reached such a pitch that the decrees of the Paris government are not posted up in the southern provinces, and Favre, taking the matter in his own hands, has insisted upon the obnoxious limitation being abolished, and has intimated as much to Bismarck. A despatch gives the following statement regarding the matter, as coming from an official source:—"The duality of the French Government will apparently lead the administration at Bordeaux to the non-observance of the convention entered into by the Germans and authorities at Paris. The convention only looked to negotiations for a free assembly, and an arbitrary constituted body under the dictation of Gambetta is not entitled to such a title. Favre has informed Bismarck that he will rescind the decrees issued by Gambetta. The confusion is, however, probably only removable by the adjournment of the elections."

In the meantime a Committee of Public Safety has been nominated at Bordeaux, including the names of Gambetta, Louis Blanc, Rochefort and Duportal. Favre, however, declares himself the master of the situation, and it is possible that, if France preserves the Republic, Favre will be Consul, and if the Empire is restored he will be Premier. Gambetta's popularity, on the other hand, is decidedly on the wane. The chances of the Bourbons and the Orleanists are diminishing, while those of the Empire are increasing. The Germans themselves are confident of the restoration of the Empire, and a letter from an official in the war department at Bordeaux says there is an immense reaction in official circles and among the people against the Provisional Government, and that 10 millions of people would vote for the restoration of the Empire to-morrow. The Mobiles arriving at Bordeaux shout "Vive l'Empereur." It is rumoured that even now Rouher is at Versailles negotiating with Bismarck for a peace involving the return of the Emperor, the cession of Alsace and the fortress of Metz to the Germans, and the payment of an indemnity variously estimated at 800,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 of francs.

The effect produced upon the French people by the news of

the capitulation of Paris was widely different in the two extremities of the country. In the north, which has long been overrun by the Prussians, the news of the conclusion of an armistice produced a stupor, though the general impression was rather favourable than otherwise. In the south, on the contrary, where the tide of war has not yet reached, there seems to be a desire for war to the last. In Germany uneasiness is succeeding the exultation caused by the fall of Paris. The funds are depressed and no confidence is felt that the terms of peace will be accepted by the Bordeaux Assembly. Incessant exertions are making for a resumption of the war, the plan being to re-equip the armies, over-run the whole of France and reduce it to submission by a savage and relentless campaign.

The text of the armistice has been published. The conditions are such as indicated in the Epitome given last week. The indemnity to be paid by the city of Paris is two hundred millions of francs, and the payment must be made before the fifteenth day of the Armistice. The 14th article provides for an immediate exchange of all prisoners made by the French since the beginning of the war.

"ON THE WING."

(By our Special Correspondent.)

STARTING.

The baggage is packed, the shaking of hands concluded, a proper amount is in the pocket for expenditure, and we are off for the next six months. Reader, will you accompany us, we have, by God's will, a pleasant programme to carry out, we shall travel with a light heart, an easy conscience and any amount of good nature to enliven the journey. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence, rushing through the States and then across the Atlantic, attending a royal marriage, witnessing all its grandeur, the rejoicings, the spontaneous enthusiasm in the Highlands, the processions, the triumphal arches, the balls, the bonfires, the illuminations, the decorations, and the happy lads and lasses that crowd to do honour to the Campbell clan. Then we will take you through France, we will visit that modern Niobe of nations, illustrate with pen, pencil and photograph the dismal scenes of war and woe that are to be never forgotten by a brave but crushed people. Then we will change the scene; utilitarianism as exemplified in the commercial cities, art and science as exhibited in the Palaces of Industry, will be portrayed. Then when the spring bursts out and dawns happily upon the Year we will take you with us to the Avon, to the Lochs of Scotland and through the green-clad vales of England, amid the May blossoms, the sweet-briars, the cowslip fields and the violet perfumed woods, we will traverse the grand old cathedral aisles and pause by the side of the mighty dead, and then again we shall have the song of birds to accompany us as we leave the shades of these sepulchres, the lark warbling skyward, the cuckoo modestly uttering its notes in the hidden hedges, the thrush, the black-bird and the robin, all will join in the harmonious anthem. The Theatre and the Opera we shall also visit. Patti and Santley, Titiens and Sims Reeves, as they interpret Verdi, Meyerbeer, Donizetti and Auber, will be delightful to vary the monotony of Museums, Palaces and Parliament. The curtain is hoisted, the audience we hope are in their places, there is music by the band and the panorama opens.

PULLMAN'S CARS.

Never go on a night journey in an ordinary car, to recline on a sofa and there slumber away the night does not give honest rest, to lounge in the velvet seats of a car and believe yourself comfortable is a mistake. A man throws one leg across the other, left to right, he slumbers perhaps a half an hour, the pressure on the arteries has stopped the circulation and deadened the sensitiveness of the nerves for a time, then he moves, feeling uncomfortable; right to left, now the right leg is numb and soon the blood rushes in and the pressure being taken off there is a double action and the leg tingles and burns so that sleep is destroyed and all the nerves feel as if the witches of Cawdor were making a small pincushion of him, then he elevates both legs to an angle of 45 degrees à l'Américaine. This attitude is inelegant in every sense,—bye and bye he doubles his knees up and tries to lay his body coiled up on a space of 4 by 2; it won't do, he has his clothes on, his boots on, and all the night long there is a quiet accumulation of dust settling over every part of him; besides this at one moment the stove is a furnace roaring as if fed by fiends, then the drafts whistle and play around his neck and body and legs, the stove has gone out, he is chilled, dirty and tired, the morning finds him unwashed, unclean and unbrushed, and he meets his friends at the Station disgusted with himself, his fellow passengers and the conveyance, or perhaps he solaces himself with his boon companions in the smoking-car, when the morning finds him in a still worse condition.

Now take the contrast: here in the Palace cars is a drawing-room, with luxurious, soft, warm carpets, seats the same, in fact all the upholstery sumptuous, a genial warmth pervades the moving room that glides with easy motion, the lamps are brilliant and shed a clear light, brightening up the silver ornaments, the frescoed ceiling, and the many coloured polished woods. Pleasant conversations or books may be enjoyed, and when 10 p.m. arrives the beds are made; comfortable springy beds with plenty of room—more than even a Cunard or an Allan would give—good pillows and clean white sheets, that would match with the snow, and there you may undress, if you please, and rest as contentedly as if at home. Your boots are given to the male chambermaid (Irish bull that) to be cleaned for the morning. The curtains hang down and shut you in and the world out; and so the night passes. In the morning you wash, dress, shave if you like, and having had your clothes brushed you are soon to see the bedrooms or berths transformed into a drawing-room, in which you may spend the day as pleasantly as it is possible to do while travelling over the rails. Such is riding in the Pullman cars.

THE TRIP.

When Sunday morning came (we had left Saturday evening at 8 p.m.) we were comfortably ensconced in a Pullman car, but the train was as stationary as one of the telegraph poles, and there it remained for five hours, in consequence of the snow-storms and severity of the weather. These unavoidable delays are irritating to those whose railway experience has been acquired in milder climates; but when the snow-drift renders the track impassable, and the biting frost down among the double figures below zero makes the iron almost as brittle as glass, caution among railway officials is

another term for the preservation of human life and the saving of property from wanton waste. Well, we journeyed on, stopping, examining, and surveying the scenery in a very leisurely way, and then night came again, and once more we enjoyed the delights of a Pullman car bed. In the morning we were in Toronto, and here we have enjoyed opportunities of seeing and hearing much that is of interest.

A. R.

WAR INCIDENTS.

Some of the Prussian staff at Versailles have been amusing themselves by calculating how much it costs the French to kill a Prussian by shell fire. They estimate the sum at 30,000f. or £1,200. Taking each shot at £2 (this is the estimate of artillery officers), this would give 600 shells to each man killed. About 80 lb. would be a fair average for the weight of the shells fired, and this would give a weight of 48,000 lbs., or over 21 tons fired for every man killed.

Many letters have been found in the pockets and kits of dead Prussians, exhibiting patriotism, affection, poetry of a high order; here we have an example of a different class, and not an admirable one—"Dear John," writes Fraulein Schneider, "if you enter a jeweller's shop where pillage is allowed, choose me a pair of earrings; it will give me much pleasure, and they will be souvenirs of the war." Pretty Gretchen!—*Athenæum*.

The Germans will not leave Strasburg as they found it, but already have a plan for extending the fortifications of the city to the Rhine and including Kehl in the system. This will give Germany another vast camp like those of Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence. The new Strasburg will have room for 400,000 inhabitants, for the ground to be included in the works has a breadth of 2,000 metres, the present distance from the city to the river. This plan is not yet openly announced, but is given as coming from a good source.

The Germans, says a war correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are keenly alive to the advantages of a good boot. You must go very soon indeed to a battle-field after the fighting is over if you want to see a body with boots on. The Prussian soldiers are ever on the look-out to renew their foot-gear when defective, and not very scrupulous as to the means of doing so. When asked where they got their new boots, they say they "saved" them. This word is becoming a recognized equivalent for "convey" in the sense given to it by Ancient Pistol. An officer, seeing a soldier with a fine gold watch and chain, asked the man where he got it. "I 'saved' it, Herr Hauptmann." "Who from?" retorted the officer, well knowing what "saved" meant. "A French peasant, Herr Hauptmann." "And what did he say?" "He cried very much," was the reply.

"What a mania we Englishmen have," says a correspondent, "for running after men of note, be they Kings or Emperors, conquerors or vanquished, heroes or charlatans! The man of the day at present is Von Moltke, and I am afraid to say what the count does not receive daily from his admirers in England. The other day it was some bottles of a patent elixir for the prolongation of his life, sent by an English lady. Then there was a book of water-colours by the delicate hand of a fair Scotch damsel as a token of her profound admiration and veneration. Photographs and photograph albums arrive without number, and requests for locks of hair (the count is quite bald) are of frequent occurrence. But the most impudent request of all was that contained in a letter from one of our American cousins in New York, which ran something as follows:—"About 100 Chassepots would be very acceptable for my show, and one of each of the different French uniforms is absolutely necessary—all new if possible. As you have so many mitrailleurs, you might perhaps spare me a few; I guess they would have been very acceptable." The letter went the round of the German officers, and created no end of merriment, as you may suppose. The requests for the count's autographs are so numerous that were his excellency to sign his name all day long I don't believe he could meet the demand made upon him."

A kind of bazaar or fancy fair was held in Paris on Christmas Day, at the Ministry of Public Instruction, for the benefit of the victims of the war, when, according to the *Gaulois*, a gold cup, chiselled by Froment Meurice, and a Mignon night lamp, with its Gothic stained glass windows resembling a miniature chapel, were displayed side by side with a tin case of beef en daube and a rope of onions; potatoes were exposed for sale in a silver cake basket, and less was demanded for the receptacle than for its contents; a turkey on a bed of silk and velvet readily commanded a couple of hundred francs, and more was asked for bon-bon bags and boxes filled with wheat flour than ever Siraudin demanded for his most exquisite sugar-plums. For a box of cigars for which Madame Jules Simon had demanded 100f., M. Dorian, the Minister of Public Works, tendered a 1,000f. note and departed without waiting for his change. A sketch by Gustave Doré of a young soldier taking leave of his wife realized 270f., and a copy of Victor Hugo's letter to the German people, the ordinary price of which is a sou, brought 120f. in consideration of its bearing the autograph of the author. Some champagne from the cellars of the Tuileries was sold at 5f. the glass, a couple of fine heads of celery fetched 69f. 50c., and radishes were bought up at 10f. the bunch. It is stated that the sum of fully 100,000 francs was realized by the fair.

There is some idea of forming mitrailleuse camel batteries in India. The gun is to be mounted on and fired from the camel's back, the latter kneeling down at the word "action." At present this idea is not even in an experimental stage; but in all probability such trials will be made. This recalls, it is said, an amusing story connected with the Ordnance Select Committee. It was at one time proposed to fire mountain guns off the backs of mules that carried them. It was urged that this would obviate the necessity of dismounting the gun from the mule's back and mounting it on its carriage; a mountain battery could thus come into action in far less time. This proposal was warmly taken up by the committee, who forthwith proceeded to test its feasibility. A mule or donkey was procured, and a small gun strapped firmly to a cradle resting on the pack-saddle, so that the muzzle of the weapon pointed over the donkey's tail. The animal, so the story goes, was then led into the marshes at Woolwich, accompanied by the committee and several "big wigs" who were attracted by such a novel experiment. On arrival at the

butt, the gun was loaded, the donkey turned with his tail towards the earthen mound, and the usual preparations were made for firing by means of a lanyard and friction tube. Hereupon, however, one of the committee remarked that this mode of firing might possibly derange the aim by the jerk on pulling the lanyard. A discussion followed, and it was finally arranged to fire the gun by a piece of slow-match tied to the vent. This was accordingly done, and the match duly ignited. Hitherto the donkey had taken rather a sleepy interest in the proceedings, but somehow the fizzing of the match on his back caused him first to prick up his ears, and then to lay them back, and finally to begin to turn round. The committee were thunderstruck, and "skedaddled" in all directions; the secretary threw himself flat on his face; there was a moment of agonising suspense; then—bang—the shot went ricocheting away in one direction, while the wretched donkey turned a complete somersault in the other.

The following is the list of titles which will henceforth, it is said, be borne by his Majesty the King of Prussia: "William I., German Emperor, King of Prussia, Sovereign and Supreme Duke of Silesia and of the county of Glatz, Grand Duke of the Lower Rhine and Posen, Duke of Saxony, of Eupen, and of Westphalia; of Gueldre, Magdeburg, Cleves, Juliers, Berg, Stettin, Pomerania, of the Calturnes and Wender, of Mecklenburgh and Grossen; Burgrave of the Upper and Lower Lusace; Prince of Orange of Neufchatel, and of Valengin; Prince of Rugen, Paderborn, Halberstadt, Munster, Minden, Cammin, Wenden, Schwerin, Ratzeburg, Moers, Eichsfeldt, and Erfurt; Count of Hohenzollern; Count Prince of Henneburg; Count of Ruppin and of the Marche of Ravensburg, Hohenstein, Tecklenburg, Schwerin, Lingen, Sigmaringen and Wehringen; Pyrmont, Lord of the countries of Rosstock, of Stargardt, Lauenburg, Butow, Haigerloch, and Wersstein." The Crown Prince, on ascending the throne, will add to the above titles that of honorary doctor of the University of Bonn.

On New Year's Eve, the wife of a journeyman carpenter in London, (Eng.) purchased a goose for her family at a moderate price per pound, and on examining the inside fortunately discovered secreted two sovereigns of the reign of William IV,—no doubt intended as a country gift to some party unknown to the purchaser.

A New Brunswicker, by the name of Brown, has invented a process for ornamenting wood, in which stained wood, leather, and other materials, in combination with photography, painting and printing are employed, and effects hitherto unknown are produced of a really wonderful nature.

CHESS.

We are happy to hear that arrangements are making for a few games by telegraph between the principal players of this city and Quebec, the People's Telegraph Company having kindly placed their line at the disposal of Caissa's votaries for the occasion.

Should this interesting encounter between the sister cities take place, we shall endeavour to present our readers with some of the best-contested games.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 25.

White.	Black.
1. R. takes P. ch.	B. takes R.
2. R. to R 6th. ch.	P. takes R.
3. P. takes B.	Any move.
4. Kt. (from Q. 8th) mates.	

J. V. N. gives the following Solution of Enigma No. 6:

White.—Kt. to K's 5th.
Black.—Any move.
White.—B. to Q. B's 6th, mate.

CHARADES.

N.B.—Contributors under this head must send complete solutions with their Charades, otherwise the latter cannot be inserted. Hereafter we shall insert the Solution "two weeks" after the publication of the Charade, to give the curious in these matters time to forward the result of their investigations. At the end of that time the composer's Solution, or such other correct one as may be received, will be given, and the contributions of all parties duly acknowledged.—Ed.

CHARADE No. 3.

I consist of Ten Letters.

My 7, 8, 10 is part of an animal not eaten by Jews.
My 6, 9, 4 costs you two dollars a year.
My 1, 3 are the first and sixth letters of a large city in Canada.
My 4, 8, 6, 2 is something,
For which my whole will be given.

WALLACE.

[We insert the above, though hardly *en règle*, as the second and last lines admit of only local explanation.]

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN No. 5.

Mr. Underhill sends the following answer to his Charade in our last Number:

King's Own Borderers.

Thus—

Indigo.
Nose.
Bone.
Korn Kob.
Now.
Rose.
Rink.

[Mr. Philip Henry, 308 Notre Dame street, also sends a correct solution; and "Wallace" gives the "whole" correctly, without specifying the "parts."—Ed.]



THE MARKET PLACE, THIONVILLE.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

FRIENDLESS.

Down Time's darkly flowing river
Floats a frail and tiny bark;
Tossed by wind and tossed by weather,
Floats it onward in the dark.

Beacon light? None in the distance.
Helping hand? There's none to guide.
Though the human ebb and flowing
Jostle it on every side.

Proudly ride the swelling waters,
Larger, stronger, happier sails,
And every passing craft bespeaks them,
Wishing them more prosperous gales.

Yet e'en so, with crash and quiver,
Many a gallant bark goes down
In Life's darkly flowing river,
Whose rough shores with rocks are strewn.

Ah! the ruthless blasts that shiver
Yon full-sheeted ship, that rides,
Firmly manned by wind and weather,
Watched and steered adown the tides;
Sudden whelms the little bark,
(Where no helmsman patient steers.)
Silent, pitiless, in the dark,
Down too low, alas, for tears!

Weep we for the strong and wary,
When they perish 'neath the wave;
Or watch them as they speed their sailing,
Hail them prosperous home, the brave!

But, who strive alone, and weary,
Given to Life without its hopes,—
Given to Life without that knowing,
Which, who wanteth, blindly gropes,—

Chartless, helmless, starless, drifteth,
Voiceless, tearless, on Life's shores,—
To the whirlpool, to the breakers,
No one heedeth, none deplores.

HAMILTON, January 19th, 1871.

"IDA."

IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

You, the general public, remember, doubtless, that I have had difficulties to contend against for these last six or seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys. In the advertisement-sheet of the *Tmes* newspaper, and under the head of "Education," you cannot but have often perused that rather compact statement, just within the five-shilling charge, of exactly what is wanted in the tutorial line by A. Z., in Derbyshire: "In a gentleman's family at a picturesque village in the north"—I put in the word "picturesque," not at all because the prominent feature of the place, which is singularly bleak, is a tumbledown old granary, upon a very unproductive moor, but because I thought it might attract a draughtsman; in which case my boys would gain an accomplishment, in addition to the usual branches of education, which yet should not be an extra—"an opportunity of making himself nobly useful"—the idea which that happy turn of expression conveys is, it is right to state, borrowed from the classics; but the phrase is all my own—"is offered to any gentleman of character and attainments in the capacity of tutor to three intelligent youths. For information regarding salary, &c., &c., apply to Rev. A. Z., Peakton, Derbyshire."

I had some conscientious doubts about referring inquirers to those initials, on account of my surname not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian name being William; but these were over-ruled by my wife. She objected strongly to my real address being given in the paper, lest it should be supposed—so she argued, and I am not bound to find her reasons, but only to render her obedience—that I was connected with the public press.

"Never," said she, "let me see you so forgetful of what a stock I come of, as to put your name in the columns of a newspaper, William." Nor, indeed, am I likely to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day of my life. It was a great blow to my good lady's importance when Mr. Donald Macdermot, of Glengarithcoe, North Britain, having answered the advertisement and our requirements, came down to Peakton from his Highland eyrie and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather behind) any southern pedigree. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengarithcoe, had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known among ourselves by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgiana—"the Macdermot," as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife's ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received, at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with undiminished vigour. I instantly flew up to their assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

"We suddenly came upon Glen—gar," sobbed my wife.

"Yes," interrupted my daughter, "upon the Macder—der—der—not at the corner of the gravel-walk."

"Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William," continued her mamma; "there he was, this beau—beau—beautiful tutor of yours without any?"

"Yes, papa," corroborated Georgiana, "without any at all."

"Without any what?" cried I impatiently. "Speak out—what had he not got?"

"No tut—tut—trousers on," exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, "Papa papa," shrieked my second son from without, in an ecstasy; "there's Donald Macdermot, Esq., walking about in the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him."

The young man coolly informed me, in his defence, that he

always wore the kilt in hot weather, and recommended me to discard "trews" myself, and take to a shepherd's plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This reprehensible style of dress, (which he persevered in) joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition at least as much Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengarith man from my unworthy roof.

Mr. Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any, old or young, whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honours that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

"I love retirement," said he, "and domesticity; and the approval of such a man as you (he was indeed so good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. Here," he would say, laying his thin, white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who chanced to be most convenient—"here lies my future duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me."

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr. Donaldson Adams in our house. Georgiana raved about him to that extent, that I had to remind her that, although when house and land are gone and spent, learning might be most excellent, still it was better to have house and land to begin with; and that Mr. Adams, however eligible in other respects, was not, in his present circumstances, the man for my son-in-law. The families in the neighbourhood expressed themselves indebted to me for the introduction of such an Admirable Crichton into the county. Nay, he completely cut out the pet Puseyite curate in the market-town among his own female disciples; and the member for the borough himself spoke to him in public, affably, upon two distinct occasions.

Mr. Donaldson Adams was indeed at the apex of his popularity at the very moment when the whole edifice of it came down with a crash. If he could but have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means do. The restraint which he had put upon his disreputable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colours at once.

My watch, my wife's watch, the cook's watch, Bob's silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus's opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—everything of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr. Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles were to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o'clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter's salary over-night. It would wring my heart to recapitulate the many crimes of that abominable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honours; the dishonourable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself.

"His worst he kept, his best he gave,"

as the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that ever I saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr. Adams had, among other wickednesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to observe, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing; that she herself—she even went to that length—had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I "ought to have known."

"Good," replied I; "in future, madam, you shall choose the tutor yourself."

Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of war or science at ten minutes' notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her housemaids' situations—namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising: it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr. Joseph Buttamuth, a washed-out individual of a whitish-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the down which gives the promise of whiskers; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to shamble; he termed his future pupils, to their great merriment, "the boyth," and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered:—"Yeth, thir."

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr. Buttamuth fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr. Donaldson Adams, poor Buttamuth did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless. Our characters and our watches in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his fist. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the Church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying, I made use of the expression:

"If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;" to which the unsophisticated young fellow rejoined:

"Ah, thir, but the mithfortune is that I don't know how to play cardth!"

Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canonicals and in *deshabille*, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three "boyth," and the servants, full length, and half length, full face, and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was collodion and innocence, instead of being design and camera obscura! One day—a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, "a white day," but which I do not consider "a white day" by any means—while he was taking a "negative" of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr. Buttamuth had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost "thimultaneouth" (another of his ridiculous terms); everything was then settled, except the asking the consent of her parents—the drying process, I suppose—which they put off till after their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Buttamuth are now trying in a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on £120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby "boyth."

WAR INCIDENTS.

A Berlin periodical says that not less than 904 architects and engineers are serving in the German armies. Of this number, 114 are lieutenants, 28 ensigns, and 180 sergeants.

More fortunate than the Strasburg library, which was almost entirely destroyed by Von Werder's shells, the library of Metz has so far escaped unharmed. It consists of about thirty thousand volumes of printed books, and one thousand one hundred and fifty-seven manuscripts, many of which date as far back as the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries.

Colonel Charette, the commander of the Papal Zouaves, who was supposed to have been killed at Loigny, is once more at his post with the French. He was merely wounded and taken prisoner. He has escaped from the hands of the Germans, and succeeded in making his way back to Chanzzy's army. A general's commission has been conferred upon him.

A statement that the Government of France had offered a premium of 750 f. to each of the French officers who should escape from German captivity "in breach of parole," has been contradicted. The French Government has ordered a premium of 750 f. to be paid to those officers who may escape from Germany; but it has not added the condition that their flight shall have been a "breach of their parole." On the contrary, it explicitly provides that nothing shall be paid to those who may have entered into engagements with Prussia.

A story is told of a visit by M. Glais-Bizoin, one of the members of the Provisional Government, to the camp of Conlie. The member of the Government recognized a moblot of his district. He asked him what had been doing at the camp for the last month. "It would be difficult to say," was the answer. M. Glais-Bizoin insisted. "Well," said the soldier at last, "we have changed shirts four times and generals-in-chief three times." M. Glais-Bizoin continued his walk without asking for further information.

The French correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the comparative merits of the French and German small arms, says:—"The new Bavarian rifle, the Werder, is better than either the chassepot or the needle gun; but as yet only the picked troops are armed with it. I am inclined to think its action as a breech-loader even quicker than that of the Martini. It is a small bore, and the barrel has, of course, a sharply-twisted rifling. The Prussians are in love with it, and the best proof of its popularity is that very few examples are ever left on the field of battle, because every dead man's rifle is seized by a living comrade, who leaves his own in exchange for it. Before this campaign the Prussians endeavoured to induce the Bavarians to adopt the needle-gun. It is now probable that the Prussian army will adopt the Bavarian weapon."

The Abbé de Marhallach, chaplain to the Mobiles of Finistère, must belong to the Church militant. He is signalized as having "always advanced to the most dangerous posts in the extreme advanced line of skirmishes, where, with admirable coolness and presence of mind he lavished his ministrations as priest and doctor on the wounded." To see the grave man going under the hottest fire as calmly as he might pass, breviary in hand, from his presbytery down in Brittany to the parish church, it is easy to divine that there is a mystery behind that black gown. So there is. Life has no charms for him; he seeks the higher life. The Abbé de Marhallach had a wife whom he had loved and won; she died. There is the secret of his scorn for death! In addition to being cited on the order of the day, he has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, as well as another Breton priest, the Abbé de Kergariou de Locumarla, chaplain to the First Division of the Second Corps.

At Manheim there is on exhibition a telegraphic apparatus, taken from the French, which is to be sold for the benefit of the captor. It was obtained in the following manner: A certain dragoon of the Baden Guards, by name Muench, with two of his comrades, was sent to reconnoitre as far as the Vosges. They had to pass through the village of Raon l'Etampe, the simple inhabitants of which place had not, as yet, seen any Germans. On the entrance of the three armed dragoons they fled in every direction, with the cry of "The Prussians! the Prussians!" and shut themselves up in their houses. Thus left masters of the town, the dragoons, coolly smoking their cigars, rode to the Town Hall and summoned the *Maire*. He soon came, pale and trembling. They asked him where the Telegraphic Bureau was located. He pointed it out, and they at once went to it, and Muench singly, and in the presence of the assembled City Council, cut the wires, unscrewed the apparatus, and buckled it on to his horse. The three dare-devils then coolly mounted and rode away. The commandant of the place, on learning what had happened, declared that he could not survive the dishonour of having commanded in a town of 8,000 inhabitants, where three of the enemy's men were allowed to enter and work their own will, and shot himself dead on the spot. The apparatus is worth about 600 francs, and was presented to Muench, on his return to camp, by his commanding officer.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"What is all this?" Steelyard demands.

"It is," cries Irk, "that report in the ship gives you the name of traitor to your companions. There is a plot to land us on a desert island to perish. Samson Steelyard, with Humfry Horn, and precious Bess o' the Barn, are to remain in the ship, reserved for better fortunes."

Abram Lud leaps on a trunk, and rising as nearly upright as the 'tween decks permits, his eyes glaring under the shaggy hair—head and hair of a lion, demands:

"Are you a traitor, Steelyard? I fear you be. I think you be."

"By what presumption do you put such question, Lud?"

"I put it because all through the ship the question is mooted. I ask it because when Royalfort is denounced you palliate his iniquity. When cursed by every honest working man as a feudal aristocrat you have called him a just and generous man. When abhorred as a murderer, you pretend to see in his social position an excuse for his hurling the infuriated yeomanry against us at Stone Grove. Confound his social position! Did we not go out, on march to London, to abolish his social position?"

"Abram Lud, listen: Something impends over us requiring other action than noisy re-creation."

"What is it?" cries Irk. "You seem to know. Out with it."

"I know nothing. Leastways nothing to be disclosed to you."

"Ah! He says, 'disclosed.' So he does know something. Who were you talking with just now on deck?"

"A sailor spoke to me, and I to him. What title have you to question whom I speak with?"

"Ask Abram Lud what title we have to question your secret interviews with pretended sailors."

"Lud, Irk! you drive me mad! What is all this? What pretended sailors?"

"Samson Steelyard," cries Lud, "you are a traitor. You were just now in a secret talk with Emery the London spy."

"Emery the spy! Impossible."

"Yes, the Government spy, Emery. He pretends to be a sailor; thinks he is not known. Irk knows him."

"But I don't know him; never saw him. What should a London spy be doing here? What is there to spy?"

"We are to be left to perish on a desert island," Irk rejoins. "You are not. Some more are not. I am. Lud is. Ized and Tabitha Bold are, and their babe. Tabitha might now be in possession of the St. Mary estate in Manchester but for the Royalfort kith and kin. Instead of permitting Ized and Tabitha Bold to get their rightful estates and establish the social community for good of all of us, Royalfort expects to feed us to wolves and bears. For what else did he send yeomanry on us at Stone Grove? For what else has he been so earnest in getting us out of the country?"

Irk pauses. A minute of silence, then Steelyard speaks:

"You have named no probable motive for such diabolical treachery. But at this instant something really peremptory demands investigation. If that man who spoke with me be whom you say, we are enveloped in mystery; perhaps peril. Our freedom, safety, lives, depend now on cautious, united action."

"The action," says Irk, "will indeed be cautious, with Lud and I, if Samson Steelyard be sharer in our counsels."

"Yet, we listen," Lud remarks. "In a general way, Steelyard, you have a clear head. Relate what the spy said. Suggest what we should do."

Steelyard peers around, to make sure no one hearkens. Then confides to Lud and Irk what the sailor said. He does not observe in the dim light that the mystery of the lost heir of Lillymere, being in some way connected with their possible misfortunes, gives one man a look of pallor. But presently Lud's loud laugh of derision rings in the ship, and does not sound as Samson would prefer to hear derision, or dissent in the present situation. "Now," says he in conclusion; "what does all this mean? If that really be Emery the spy, what did he aim at by giving a pretended secret to me? Then hint that I might tell it to my wife, if I had one, or to somebody else's wife. So far it seems he would honestly give us warning not to show signs of alarm."

"The object of Emery," says Lud, "if that be Emery, and Irk says it is, can only be a

sequel to his proceedings in time of the first rising, when he got Simon Lud hung at York Castle, and at the Spa Fields rising in London. He insinuates sympathy of sentiment, leads to brink of the first fall, betrays and sacrifices such as were deceived by his duplicity."

"What object may he have here?"

"What object, Samson? This: Suppose government designs to destroy us, without the odium of trials and executions, which would have been a political danger, possibly brought on a revolution, they do it in this way. The Crown and Royalfort get credit and honour for leniency, for generosity, by seeming to send us to Canada to enjoy gifts of public lands. The gifts are a false pretence. We are to perish. Our destruction is to seem to the world as coming from ourselves. Their spy, in pretended secrecy, tells of danger, inciting to mutiny to give excuse for military gunshot execution. Emery is the agent to accomplish this. Do not you see it?"

"I see it," says Irk.

"Do not you see it, Samson?" Lud repeats.

"Merciful heavens! No, I do not see it. Cannot see it. Emery, if that really be Emery, may be equal to the iniquity. And, possibly, some form of the human being, if in Royalfort's position, might be fiend enough to devise a plot against formidable claimants to disputed estates in which he or connections prefer claims. But Ized and Tabitha Bold are not formidable, their title is remote. And Lord Royalfort is not a fiend. He could not devise their treacherous destruction, far less that of several hundred other persons, more than half of them women and children. And as for government planning such a clumsy atrocity, the bare thought of it is monstrous."

"Steelyard, it is monstrous," Lud retorts. "But you are to be excepted, and saved. That makes it not quite so monstrous to you."

"Impossible, Abram Lud! Government cannot shame itself before the world, and offend heaven by such a crime. It is not in human nature to design the wickedness, to say nothing of Statesmen devising the deception."

"The Statesmen are Tories."

"But Tories are gentlemen. Not always satisfactory to hand-loom weavers in their legislation, I admit, yet incapable of our wilful murder."

"Hold, Steelyard. What do you make of that insolent Kirby Rivers and his speech? For the present he and Verderer are, to us, the Government. Aren't they?"

Samson groans: "I know not what to make of that speech; do not indeed."

They are interrupted by the boatswain's call in the hatchway:

"No more talking down there. Let the quiet sleep. Lights out. Douse the glim."

Lights being out, and silence imposed, they defer conversation till morning.

Long before morning the ship scuds under reefed canvas in half a gale. She rises, descends, swings on crest of the billows. A gallant ship, the "Fingal" glides along before the wind, making rapid way to the west. On third day of the storm it freshens to a gale. Most of the weavers are helpless. But the ship scuds on. Tommy of Owdham has been able until now to climb the steps, hold on and stytter to the cook's galley, returning with at least some portion of his mess unspilt. This day he creeps on hands and knees, rolls down the hatchway—nothing saved. But the ship speeds on.

Bowton Trotter creeps, or staggers, or clings to things, and works himself along. In the steerage, on deck, in the cook's galley, now desolate—fires extinguished in the stoves, down the fore-castle to the sailors, aft at the cabin, he calls for a midwife. None respond. They say:

"It is only that Bowton Trotter raising lies and alarms that he himself may laugh—the fool."

Presently Humfry Horn creeps out, and up to deck, hair on end, calling for a midwife, or doctor, or anybody to help Bess.

The doctor comes from the cabin. Tabitha Bold comes also, a practical woman in emergencies, though just now, in face of the storm, she was soaring in poetry.

The captain comes. Other women rise to the great occasion. The doctor and boatswain enclose the berth of Humfry Horn by a screen of sail-cloth. The ship pitches, swings upon the billows, but faster and faster speeds on, and on, and on. And there, in the gale, a babe is born.

She is not eminently beautiful, this lass of Lancashire—Bess o' the Barn. Her place in life is to do, to suffer, to work and overcome. Yet she is of comely form, with footstep of a fawn, eyes of kindness, all truth. A young wife, a young mother, a loveable woman. In tumult of the elements, under roar of the tempest in the rigging, of the crash and the roar of ocean on the bulwarks of the ship, peril and pain are as nothing. All is joy, happiness, hope, at the voice, at the touch, at the breath, at the kiss of her babe—this first born son. They do not tell her, but it is very, very small. The Doctor says it is a fragile thing, to live in such a storm, and may cease to breathe any minute. So they go and find the reverend passenger in the cabin, the

military chaplain. The captain on one side, the boatswain on the other, conduct him along the slippery deck, and down the difficult hatchway ladder. By choice of the happy Humfry, the mother assenting, the child is named "Ocean." Already there is a dream, not all of the air, that in after years, the world is to know the fame of "Doctor Ocean Horn," the infant passenger just christened. The ship speeds on.

Westerly and westerly, to north for a time, and to south for a time, but westerly, westerly mostly, they at last skirt Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Jack Holt at the hatchway "sings out"—bawls with hands at his mouth for a trumpet: "Blanketeers, ahoy! turn up, turn out! Ship at the desert island!"

Lud, who has by this time learned to know Holt when seen, and believes him to be no other than Emery, the London spy, rushes up the ladder and might have made the man's neck uncomfortable had he caught him. Other weavers at name of the "desert island" crouch in their berths. Steelyard is already on deck.

Up the St. Lawrence, the lordly river, the wide, the deep, impetuous tidal stream. Mr. Verderer assembles the people on deck. Congratulates them warmly. He has words of encouragement for each. And the Doctor inspects all the children, one by one strip of clothes to the waist, but seemingly discovers no marks on the skin. With microscopic lens, Jack Holt helping, he scans the little creatures closely behind the shoulders, for a birth mark in semblance of a naked sword. No such mark is found.

"My friends," continues Mr. Verderer on deck, after the doctor's inspection of children: "We are arrived at Quebec in safety from the Ocean. Now begins the journey inland, several hundred miles up the country. I am here to protect and direct. You get, for a family, two hundred acres of land, implements and seed, with provisions one year, if necessary for two years."

Cries Tommy of Owdham: "Is there owt of 'bacco with the provisions?"

"Yes, least I think so. If not I shall pay for the tobacco myself. Leave looms, headles, treadles, shuttles, wheels, reels, bobbins, and tambouring frames in store for the present. Comfortable quarters await you on shore. Wash, refresh, rest, pack away luggage not wanted in the woods; then, after two days the journey, by teams and batteaux, is to begin."

No railway in that day, to whisk a thousand immigrants along at twenty or thirty miles an hour! There is now. And so, the Blanketeers go up to the wilderness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOST HEIR OF LILLYMERE—HE GOES TO AMERICA IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

London. Early May. Eleven a.m. A fair, English girl, seventeen or thereabout, who, in three days hence, will be presented at Court, passes on foot from St. James's Park by the Horse Guards to Whitehall. Lightly she steps in her youth and beauty. At the crossing graceful feet pick clean spots daintily, avoiding the whirling traffic and mud of the freshly watered thoroughfare.

Another passenger picking clean spots is a clerk attached to the firm of Schoolar & Schoolars, Solicitors, Chancery Lane. A thought flutters the heart of this mild lad, tall of his age—eighteen—beardless—usually bashful—lower garments too short, for he is poor—hat excessively brushed for he has no other. A thought, sweet and insane, which, if shaped to words, might be read thus:

"I would I were the mud beneath her feet!" The same instant he blushes and is ashamed of himself.

An instant more the lady slips and might fall before the wheels of fast carriages but for the prompt hand of this young gentleman. He conducts her to the side-way. Then lifting his hat, bows, and walks onward to Westminster Hall.

Proceeds on his way, but hardly feels the feet beneath him. Thoughts are feet. The beautiful young creature, whose glove touched his hand, thanked him. Only in two simple, common-place words, but they were spoken with a smile, and so gentle, musical in tone as to be precious. So precious that already the insane boy decides to make treasure of the tone and smile, and plant them in his bosom, to keep a long, long while, to keep always, seeds of a secret joy, sonnet, or song.

"Who is she? Ah, me!" sighs the youth, "if I were not a mere clerk in a law office with a small salary, no beard, and only eighteen! Or even if eighteen with a fortune, I'd never lose sight of that lovely girl. Not till I learned her residence, name, friends. Not until I made her mine. Perhaps mine, only perhaps. She may be engaged, or she might despise me. Very likely she would despise me. Indeed I ought to be despised."

And the young lady, proceeding on her way, shapes the gentle phantoms of her heart thus:

"That is one of my father's clerks, Mr. Tobias Oman—a handsome youth, with the head of Adonis, very clever, very good, pa says. Cruel misfortune that a boy so beautiful is whispered to be son of a man that was hanged, and now passing under an assumed

name. The real name, they say, is Simon Lud. Now he is Tobias Oman. Don't like that name more than Lud. Should hate to be called Oman. Wish he had a pretty name, and was a gentleman's son, with sisters for me to love."

Tobias Oman—the child Toby, whom we saw at Irlsdale sixteen years ago—Lost Heir of Lillymere, walks through Parliament Street to the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, with legal documents for counsel. Still he walks on air, with thoughts for feet:

"What miserable fate is mine,"—he is on earth in this sentence—"to have the evil reputation, privately circulated, of going by an assumed name to conceal that my father was a radical weaver who died on the scaffold. But I have got a start in life as articulated clerk,"—he treads on air again—"and in the profession am bound to rise. Must, shall advance to barrister. On the steps of the Palace of Westminster I vow to do all that man may to enter the House of Commons as member ere many years pass. May become Attorney-General, after that Lord Chancellor. Why not? Some who reached that dignity were not higher in life at eighteen than I. Ah, no! none was son of a poor radical weaver who, displaced from work by compulsion of new inventions, was starving, headed a riot, and died on the scaffold."

Tobias is detained in the committee-rooms until five p.m., when announcement is made: "Mr. Speaker at prayers." The committees at once adjourn, members going to the House. With no papers to carry, as it happens to-day, this clerk of Schoolar & Schoolars, instead of returning to his desk, walks into St. James's Park, past Buckingham Palace, into Hyde Park, and along by the Serpentine lake. He ruminates in airy mazes:

"This is not the way to the Chancellor's wig and woollack. This is not the way to the House of Commons. At the office in the Lane I should be now. Yet two Lord Chancellors made romantic marriages at Gretna Green, and afterwards rose by hard application from humility as lowly as mine. What constrains me to come alongside the equipages of fashion on the drive to-day? And to the Lady Mile Ride? Splendor of flashing chariots! Forms of fair equestriennes flitting among the old elm trees, so green and leafy! Who knows but I may yet become a great poet? Within my brain greatness is even now aspiring to its birth. Visions of beauty and of high hopes all around me. Oh, soul! burst into leaf and blossom and song! sing and attune the world to melody, love, and joy."

"Beg pardon," says a handsomely attired man, addressing Tobias, "that lady just gone past with the groom following, saluted you. Who is she?"

"No lady saluted me, sir. Don't know any. Or if she did it was a mistake."

"Certainly she did. No mistake at all. You should have lifted that hat in return."

"That hat!" Tobias, knowing it is not glossy and fashionable, suffers a sensation as if the hat burned him. He could hate the man. And he could respect, esteem, love him as one of the best of mankind, for:

"What if it be true that a lady looked upon me? What if it were that lovely girl seen in the morning? What if it were the one fair creature of all the world?"

After silence of some minutes the other resumes:

"She returns. Shortens pace to a walk. Looking along the people on the foot-way for some one; for you most likely."

The lady approaches. Oh fluttering heart in bosom of Tobias, the bashful! It is! It is!

Reining in the superb descendent of Godolphin the Barb which proudly, poetically carries her, the vision advances to the railings. She speaks. It is the voice of low, soft music he heard in the morning:

"I was too much alarmed, Mr. Tobias, to thank you for saving me from a dangerous accident. My father, when he knows, will thank you better than I can. Good bye." And she rides away.

"What danger did you save her from?"

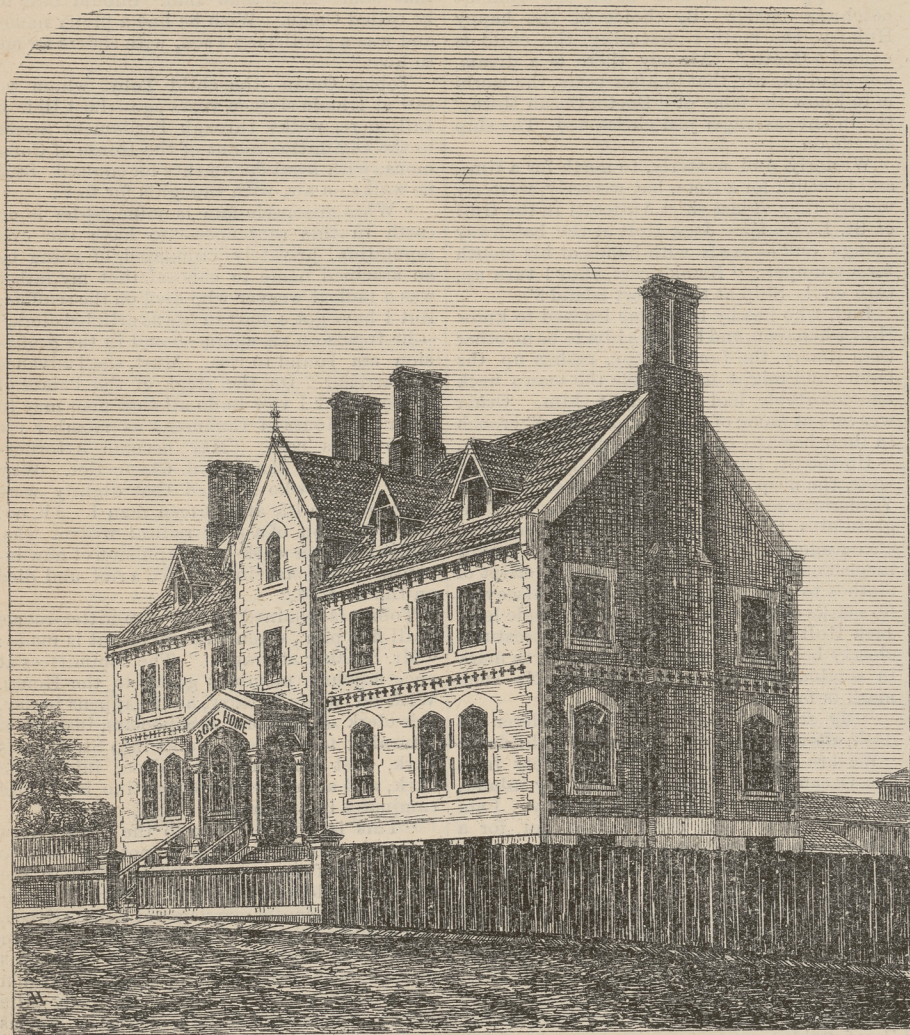
"Perhaps, sir, you will please mind your own business," says Tobias.

A constable passing, nods familiarly to the inquisitive man. Two inspectors of police mounted come along and they know him. Tobias, not choosing to be stared at, walks away, face homeward; but looking back sees the three following, with eyes directed upon him.

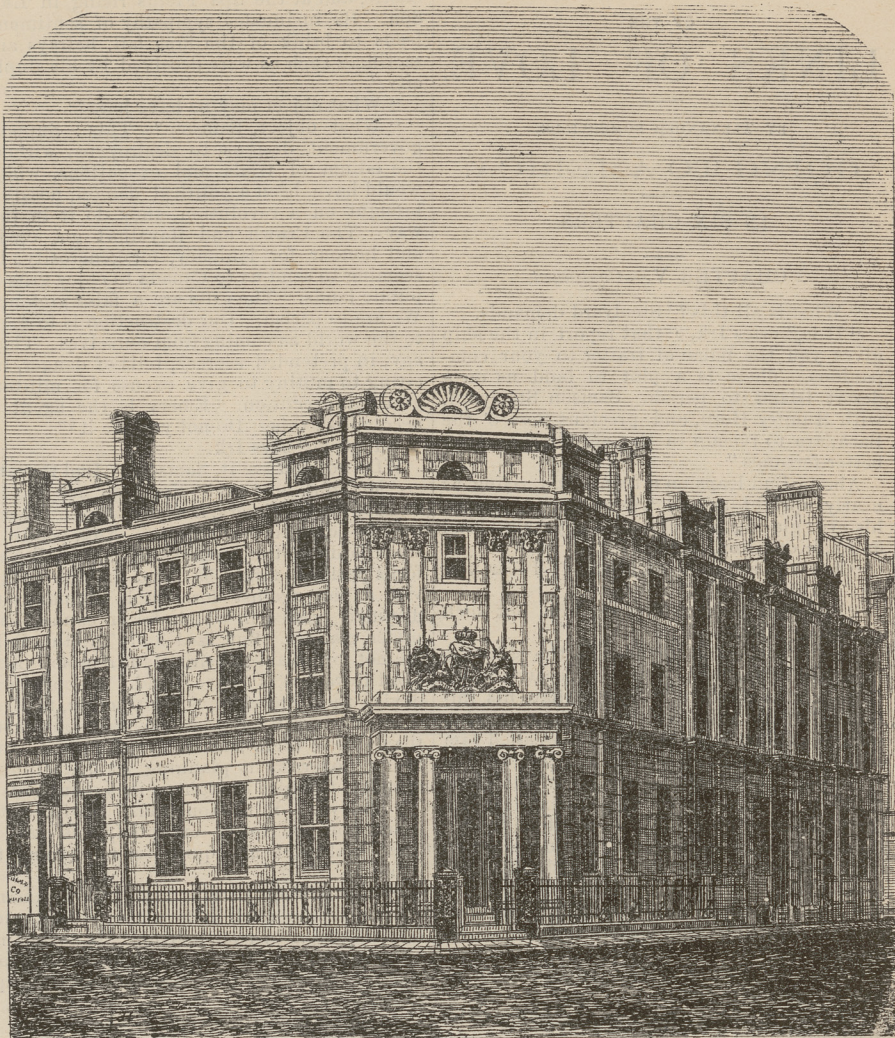
His thoughts:

"Can it be this unfashionable, over-brushed hat that made the well-dressed man impertinent? Or the pantaloons too short by an inch? Or the coarse high-logs? Can it be that one of them knows, and is telling the others, that I am son of Simon Lud? Is that a policeman in disguise? Is he telling of the young lady? He seems too refined in features to be so impertinent. Seems artist, or poet, or junior Lord of the Treasury. Too elegant for a police constable."

Tobias, you have not been long in London, else the gentleman's vocation and elegant person would be no mystery. This is Dublin of the plain clothes service, chief of the fashion department. He is likely to keep you under eye until informed who the young lady is, and what the occurrence she spoke of, which you



THE BOYS' HOME, TORONTO, ONT.



THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, TORONTO, ONT.



SKETCHES IN METZ: AT THE FOUNTAIN.



LA GLYCINE.

ENGRAVED BY J. FRANCK, FROM THE PAINTING BY J. PORTAELS.

decline to explain. Not that this falls within his professional duties, but from sympathy. In his early London years Dublin had a similar adventure.

Three days later, Parliamentary committees are not sitting. The Queen holds a Drawing-Room at St. James's Palace, and most of the younger members of both Houses are there with ladies of their families. Tobias, out sight-seeing for an hour, stands gazing, admiring, glowing with admiration as the glittering chariots convey to the royal threshold the daughters of fortune.

"Oh, grandeur, beauty, youth, rapture of my soul!" says the heart of insanely inspired Tobias; "She comes, she comes! It is her. On me she directs her beautiful eyes. And I—"

The hat is raised. He bows. He blushes. A stoppage in the current of the grand coaches of state causes this halt. He wriggles out of the wedged rows of spectators, and between two mounted Life Guardsmen observes the chariot of this exquisite mystery closely; to learn the heraldic bearings on the panels, and so arrive at the name.

Black thunder! The woman frowning in the farther seat is Mrs. Scholar, wife of the head of the firm. And Adam Scholar, the nephew, a junior partner, sits with back to the horses, wearing the uniform of Deputy Lieutenant of Middlesex. From under the three-cornered hat and plume, he gloms on the presumptuous clerk more terribly than even the angry woman his aunt.

The prolonged waiting in a crowd at the drawing-room embitters the two offended Scholars, but gives Agnes ecstasies of happiness. The charming affability, graceful and gracious condescension of the Royal lady, Victoria, on this the first presentation of the timid, trembling young thing, ought to mollify the other two, but does not. Agnes had tenderly inclined her beautiful head to that beggarly clerk.

Adam, on return home, drinks wine copiously, and looks for a horsewhip. With the whip he proceeds to the office. Sends for Tobias to a private room. Shuts the door and begins to lash him. He ends the lashing by himself roaring: "Help—open the door—help—murder—the ruffian, Oman—murder! Oman is killing me"—so much for Adam.

Next day the great metropolis reads: "Wanton Outrage," in one journal; "Murderous Assault" in all the rest. Tobias Oman looks as like any ungrateful scoundrel as penny-alining can paint him. Yet he is not arrested, nor accused before a magistrate.

Agnes Amelia Scholar weeps and chides her cousin for unmanly cowardice in using a whip, and afterwards misinforming the newspapers. It might be a solace to the amazed Tobias, if he knew this; but they tell him through another cousin, that:

"Miss Agnes, whom you have insulted and affronted in public places, haunting her footsteps like a blackguard as you are, you base born beggar's brat, demands, and the family insist, that you leave the country immediately, and forever. Else you are to be prosecuted and sent to the hulks, or hung like your father."

Scholar, senior, summons Tobias to his private office. For half a minute this eminent public man, confidential solicitor of Lord Royalfort, financial agent of the great Lillymere estates, scowls in silence from his arm-chair, over top of the morning paper. The hard, broad brow, short grey hair thickly bristling on end, ruffles at cuffs, ruffles at breast, silver buckles at knees and on shoes, silk stockings, sharp eyes—yet rather kindly twinkling orbs of general purposes, silent language one of the purposes—all penetrate the nerves of the youth before him, and weigh on the heart as if crushing down future life. Being desired by motion of the hand to sit down, Tobias first asks permission to explain how the unhappy occurrences came about.

"Stop," cries the solicitor, in peremptory tone, "not a word on that subject. So far as you are concerned all is settled. You leave my office; cannot remain under any conditions; nor in London if personal safety be an object; nor within the British islands if future welfare be consulted. I sent for you to point a way to future welfare, and arrange for immediate departure. Sit down."

Tobias bends the head and sits. His sensitive features are pale, but enlivened with passing gleams of the mind's pride, conscious of its treasury of intellectual power lying dormant somewhere. He sits fronting the master of his destiny face to face. The solicitor relaxes in harshness of look, silently remarking the lad's individuality. Light brown curly hair in profusion. Softly beaming blue eyes. Pure skin. A spiritual brow of mental power—of the Longfellow, Tennyson, Thomas Hughes type; or type of the race of all the Lillymeres and Ogleburns combined. Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. In reverie he says:

"Reminds me of some one known years ago; cannot recall whom. He looks a fine young fellow. Have always thought well of him until this affair. Many of those radical hand-loom weavers were superior men. Really superior in natural talent. The Luds were especially men of talent I have been told. Most leaders of commotions are. This youth

is ambitious, and might be dangerous, with the Lud blood in him. Cannot remain here, but may rise to eminence abroad, and be useful in the business about to be confided to him. Success in that, indeed, may be the beginning of high fortunes, even in England after a time."

Then addressing the young clerk, the solicitor, in his naturally mild manner of gentleman, says:

"Tobias, we require a confidential agent to visit the United States and Canada. We think you qualified for the mission. You are aware, no doubt, that I am legal friend of Lord Royalfort, entrusted with great responsibilities, but may not know that his lordship took you out of the parish workhouse, paid for your education, and placed you with me as clerk. When those foolish, or criminal people, the Ludites, rose to plunder the country, and march on London to inaugurate—that was their slang phrase—inangurate revolution, and were turned back at Stone Grove by the yeomanry, several children of their families were found there after they fled. Some run over, or ridden over, trodden down and badly hurt. You were one of the injured whom no friends claimed. Your people went to prison. I suppose, then out of the country. Your father, Simon Lud, was tried, found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours at York, and there executed two years previously."

"But, Sir," interposes Tobias, "is this a certainty? The Stone Grove gallop of cavalry and route of the Ludite weavers, comes to me as a thing seen in sleep. Only a dream, but a very clear dream, and my name then was 'Toby Oman' as now, not Lud."

"The name was changed, we have been told by somebody, to conceal your identity as a Lud, that you might fare better in life than was likely to be your fate if known as Simon's son."

"Pardon my interruptions, sir, I had no voice in deciding my parentage. Else I might, foreseeing what I see, have chosen not to be born. But I am now born, am alive, and in your hands, willing and ready for any enterprise. Only, I may farther remark, that if so great a nobleman, of boundless wealth as the lord of Lillymere Hall, condescended to patronise a radical weaver's child, or brat of a beggar as I have been lately called, a little, just a little more generosity might have made me happier."

"In what way happier, Tobias?"

"In getting better clothes, for one thing. In providing me with, at least, some pocket-money while serving articles on a salary so very small. But for the copying I get at Number One, Tooke's Court, I'd have no pocket-money at all."

"Tobias, it was thought best for your future success in the profession to leave you to the resources of genius."

"I was left to the resources of genius and the result is—"

"Stop, Mr. Oman. Not a farther word in that direction. You are to have an allowance considerably more liberal now. Also, travelling expenses in moderation. Of which you will transmit to me privately a monthly report, the minutest items specified, that we may know what is being done. And now to the business:

"Certain anonymous letters have been submitted for our opinion at various times, beginning about sixteen to eighteen years ago. A child, possibly the legitimate heir of Lillymere, but possibly not legitimate, is supposed to be in America somewhere. It is now a matter of serious urgency that this child should be discovered, if existing, and proof of legitimacy found. Or failing such discovery, that the writers of the letters should be traced. We think you a suitable person to be employed as agent of private enquiry. Go to New York, discover there, if you can, where the emigrants settled in the United States who went out in the ships 'Hope' and 'Star' fifteen years ago. Visit and live with them. Listen for information about a boy, for whom a reward is expected. Go to British America, live among the Blanketeers and Ludites who went from Ireland to the County of Conway, in Upper Canada. Go to the Eastern Townships, and among the military settlers and Scotch hand-loom weavers of Perth and Lanark, in Central Canada or wherever else intuitive judgment may lead. We have confidence in your discretion. You are to be furnished with detailed instructions, and copies of the letters. One thing, however, must be promised me, on personal honour, and salvation of your soul. Are you prepared for that solemn responsibility?"

"Please say what this may imply."

"It is not to communicate your discoveries to any one but me in person."

"That I may readily promise; swear me at once."

"It implies also that you are not to communicate with Lord Royalfort, nor with any member of the Lillymere family, nor any agent of theirs, on any topic, in any manner, without first disclosing your purpose and topic to me. And, in case of my death, to the firm of Scholar and Scholars. And you engage not to disclose to Lord Royalfort nor any other person in this country, or in America, or in the world, that you are under this obligation to be silent."

Tobias reflects a minute to discern, if he can, in what manner and to what extent such bondage may lead to a labyrinth of impossibilities. His is naturally a lawyer's logical mind, though poetical. He decides. He makes a solemn engagement to secrecy; and another to conceal that he is bound to be silent.

"Take this money to defray outfit, passage, and expenses for three months. Report in detail frequently, but not later than once a month. You are to be paid a gratuity of from two to five thousand pounds sterling, according to fidelity of service, if you bring privately to me, or my firm, Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, with proof of his identity and marriage of his parents, which proofs are alleged to be in some one's keeping in the United States or in Canada. And from one to five thousand pounds may be paid to the person or persons safely delivering the heir of Lillymere to your keeping, or through you to me, or materially aiding in his recovery, and in proving legitimacy by certificate of the marriage of his parents—both dead."

"And further. If the Heir of Lillymere be through your discreet management handed over to me unmarried, and disengaged in any matrimonial alliance, you are to receive ten thousand pounds. With large contingent benefits in addition, to arise from his marriage—his possible marriage in England. When this Lillymere is found remain in America with him closely under your eye, imparting only sufficient information to inflame his wonder and his hopes, until I, or some of my firm and family, meet you and him there."

"Finally. When travelling in America, and from this hour forward, you may be often watched by an observer whom you will never know. Your kinship to the exiled radicals, as son of Lud the traitor, may carry you within secresies to which another would not be admitted. Be faithful. Come again this day week at ten, and receive the documents."

Tobias Oman returns by way of Cursitor Street to his lodging, three pair back, with Yerker a trunkmaker in Greystoke Passage. Settles with Mrs. Yerker. Buys from them that best travelling portmanteau, and a trunk which he has previously admired. And, for the last time, perhaps the last time, ascends the belfry and assists at the suspended lines in ringing the factory bell. No workers are employed there, other than the two Yerkers, husband and wife; never were more, nor likely to be more. They work alone, but advertise the neighbourhood as if employing a hundred hands. At six a.m. the resonant bell announces, begin. At eight a.m., breakfast. At nine a.m., resume. At one p.m., quit. At two p.m., resume. At five p.m., quit. At six p.m., resume. At eight p.m., knock off. They are to the law writers in chambers around an institution, and will be missed should the report prove true that they sail to America.

"So, after all said and done, you be the first to go to America, Tobias? I often says to Yerker we should be in the New World. The establishment might have room there to grow. Here we be so confined and hampered up with houses, living on the roofs of houses as I may say, like cats, as I may say, a climbing up and a tumbling down, we cannot grow. My heart will follow you, Tobias, and Yerker's too, though he be a silent man. The law writings be falling off to nothing now, and most of the copyers not good pay for lodgings. I often say we must give up keeping lodgers and emigrate to the New World for more room."

"I shall be delighted if you follow me."

"I be afeared of the sea, Tobias. Yet we may follow, so be you get safe over. The best young gentleman with the kindest ways, and the truthfulest, ever was a lodger of mine; that is you, Tobias. And must have had a handsome lady for a mother—such a lady's skin as you have, and hair and eyes! No hard working woman was your mother. Bless you, Tobias Oman, wherever you go. Look about in the New World for a nice trunk-making shop to be ready next year where it is not hampered up with houses."

A stylish suit of clothes is the earliest acquisition following portmanteau and trunk. And after that a more costly evening dress. Tobias has perceptions in gloves, hats, boots, slippers, ideally glowing as if dress were poetry. Now he has a glossy fashionable chapeau, and glittering feet, whose steps are thoughts. Lightsome Lillymere footsteps. But he goes in the old dress to meet Solicitor Scholar, sense enough for that. And penetration or presumption enough to discern or think he discerns intentions, such as: when the Heir of Lillymere is found, if ever found, the Scholars are to hasten to America and take private possession, entangling the founding with Agnes before arrival in England. And if any prior engagement of the heart be discovered in the Lillymere, Tobias is to be very materially enriched in money by assisting to extinguish obstacles arising from such misfortune. "Not if sweet Agnes prefers another, and that other be I," says the wayward youth, encouraging rebellious passion. But he may be in error. It is possible that the confidential solicitor of the house of Lillymere foresees some other event. Tobias enters the private office at ten precisely on the day appointed.

"There, Mr. Oman," says Solicitor Scholar,

"you have the documents, severally docketed, enveloped, taped. You smile, as the giddy world sneers, at so much red tape. Listen young man:

Red tape is truth, order, honesty, honour. It is in nations, civilization, stability of political institutions, security of popular rights.

Red tape is the Ten Commandments. With the philosophy of red tape prevailing the world would have no wars, society few crimes.

Red tape restrains folly, protects virtue. It is cut in twain by tyrants, fanatics, lunatics, robbers, liars, hypocrites, revolutionary conspirators, sovereign despots.

If you hear the orator declaiming against red tape and his audience applauding, see that your purse is safe.

Red tape is the holy bond of matrimony, defence of woman against treachery. It is school, university, church, parliament, court of justice, army, navy, organised industry, science.

Red tape is international law, which for the peace of the world, and every element of human happiness, should be held the most inviolable of all public covenants.

What saith the renowned Lord Stowell, greatest of modern jurists? Thus saith the judgment, *in re the ship Maria of Stockholm, Rob. Ad. Rep. III.*—hope you will not neglect your law books, Tobias—Sweden being then neutral—words to be written in gold, or branded on political men's skins with hot iron. Saith the judgment:—

"Though incidentally sitting in London, I am to decide international law as if I sat in Stockholm, or in Paris, or in Washington, or in Madrid, or in the capital of any of the countries concerned in the case to be decided, I seeing the public law of nations by the light of those countries, as well as by the light of England."

That is red tape, the true philosophy of international law. It means equity and peace. Without which civilization becomes ashes, anarchy, chaos; drifting to boundless ruin, unlimited wickedness.

Observe, Tobias, that Lord Royalfort taking law from me, I, at my distance, take politics from him, the Conservative luminary of England; safe-guard of British Empire; conservator of peace.

You go out this day to the United States, and to Canada—supreme step of your life. Say not a word, do not a thing to offend national sensibilities. That man dignifies his country the most who in himself personates its courtesies.

You go to America, either on the ascent to fortune, or down by trap doors to ruin. And it is one or the other according as you honour and conform to, or dishonour and disregard red tape. Go. Be faithful. Your hand, Tobias. Farewell."

To be continued.

There has been much difference of statement as to the exact amount of land in the United States, and also how much is still the property of the general Government. The *Nation*, which is always a reliable authority in these matters, gives the following figures: "The precise facts are: The total area of the United States is 2,290,000,000 acres. Of these, 455,000,000 acres had passed into the ownership of States, corporations, or individuals before the establishment of the Land Office, leaving \$1,835,000,000 acres at the disposal of the nation at large. Of these latter, 439,000,000 acres have been disposed of at various times up to November 1st, 1869, the date of the last published official report, and 1,396,000,000 remained then to be disposed of, including in the latter the amounts granted to railroads but not yet received."

THE TORONTO TELEGRAPH.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The immense increase which has taken place in our circulation during the last three months, and also the constantly increasing pressure of advertisements upon our available space, compel us to make an advance in our advertising rates. The circulation of our Daily issue now amounts to 25,760 copies; while our Weekly has made such rapid strides, that we now print over 33,000 copies of every issue, and it still keeps on increasing. It has many times been said that the success of our paper is without a parallel in the history of Canadian journalism, and those who said so spoke the truth. There is not a corner of the Dominion into which the *Telegraph* does not now find its way. We have subscribers in every quarter, from Nova Scotia to Manitoba; and we are adding to our list hundreds of names each day. For these reasons the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* is now the very best advertising medium in the Dominion of Canada, and we are therefore warranted in increasing our advertising rates. We had intended doing so some time ago, but finally came to the conclusion to allow the rates to remain unchanged till the end of the year. The beginning of the year being the best time to inaugurate such a change, our new rates shall be charged on and after this date, and shall be as follows:—

In the *DAILY TELEGRAPH*, wants, etc., will be charged *Twenty-five Cents*, when containing not more than *twenty words*, prepaid; and *One and a Half Cent* for each additional word. All other advertisements *Ten Cents per Line* of nonpareil for each insertion. All advertisements under *Ten Lines* will be charged *One Dollar*.

Advertisements for the Weekly will be charged *Twenty Cents* per line for each insertion. Special bargain rates can be obtained at the office on application.

ROBERTSON & COOK, Proprietors,

A. E. CASE, Agent, Montreal.

3-6-11

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

INGERSOLL.
ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN.
MONTREAL.
ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN.
ST. JAMES HOTEL.....
OTTAWA.
THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN.
QUEBEC.
ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
THE CLARENDON.....
STRATHROY.
EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG.
TORONTO.
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.....CAPT. THOS. DICK.

To indicate how advantageous a medium the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS must be to Advertisers, we may state that its distribution list comprises at present over 600 Post Offices scattered over the whole Dominion, and that it is sold on all trains and steamers.

Its circulation in Canada as well as in the United States and in England, is constantly and rapidly increasing.

Arrangements are being made, and have already been in part effected, to have the Canadian Illustrated News on FILE, combined with an illustrated Dominion Guide, and enclosed in a splendid Morocco cover, in the Drawing-room of the principal Hotels of Canada, and of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin; in the Pullman Palace Cars, and on the Dining Table of every vessel of the splendid and popular Allan line of Steamships, where every advertisement will be perused over and over again by thousands and thousands of travellers, during the tedious hours of an Ocean voyage.

DOMINION OF CANADA.



EMIGRATION TO THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Mechanics, Day Labourers, and all parties desirous of improving their Circumstances by Emigrating to a New Country.

The attention of intending Emigrants is invited to the great advantage presented by the Province of Ontario. Persons living on the Interest of their Money can easily obtain EIGHT PER CENT. on first-class security.

TENANT FARMERS WITH LIMITED CAPITAL.

Can buy and stock a Freehold Estate with the money expended in carrying on a small farm in Great Britain. Good Cleared Land, with a Dwelling and good Barn and outhouses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities, at from £4 to £10 sterling per acre.

Farm hands can readily obtain work at GOOD WAGES.

Among the inducements offered to intending Emigrants, by Government, is

A FREE GRANT OF LAND!

WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER.

Every Head of a Family can obtain, on condition of settlement, a Free Grant of TWO HUNDRED ACRES of Land for himself, and ONE HUNDRED ACRES additional for each member of his family, male or female, over eighteen years of age.

All persons over eighteen years of age can obtain a Free Grant of ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

The Free Grants are protected by a Homestead Exemption Act, and are not liable to seizure for any debt incurred before the issue of the patent, or for twenty years after its issue. They are within easy access of the front settlements, and are supplied with regular postal communication.

REGISTERS OF THE LABOUR MARKET

And of improved Farms for sale, are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing emigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several new lines of Railway and other Public Works are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of labourers.

Persons desiring fuller information respecting the Province of Ontario

are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the Canadian Government Emigration Agents in Europe, viz.: WM. DIXON, 11 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C.; J. G. MOYLAN, Dublin; CHARLES FOY, Belfast; DAVID SHAW, Glasgow; and E. SIMAYS, Continental Agent at Antwerp.

Also to the Immigration Agents in Canada, viz.: JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto; R. H. RAE, Hamilton; WM. J. WILLS, Ottawa; JAS. MACPHERSON, Kingston; L. STAFFORD, Quebec; J. J. DALEY, Montreal; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia; ROBT. SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. G. LAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick.—from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province, can be obtained.

JOHN CARLING,

Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works for the Province of Ontario.

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION,
Toronto, Oct., 1869.

3-6d-1-m

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 319, ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

THE PUBLISHER of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, having become sole Proprietor of the extensive LEGGOTYPING, ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, and PRINTING works from which the Paper is issued, begs to inform the friends and patrons of this Canadian enterprise, and the public in general, that he is prepared to undertake every class of Printing—PHOTOGRAPHIC, LITHOGRAPHIC, and TYPOGRAPHIC, as well as Wood Engraving, LEGGOTYPING and ELECTROTYPING, which general business he carries on under the name and style of **LECCO & CO.**

The peculiar facilities afforded by the combination of every branch of Printing, with every modern invention which tends to cheapen illustration, enable us to give the best quality of work at the lowest current prices.

To enumerate all the advantages which we possess in serving customers would be too lengthy. A few only will be mentioned:—

LEGGOTYPING

ENABLES us to produce a relief-line engraving from a Sketch, Photograph, or Print, in less time, and for less money, than it can otherwise be accomplished

A FIRST-CLASS WOOD ENGRAVER

FROM the best houses in Leipzig and Berlin, executes work of the finest and most artistic character.

ENGRAVERS ON STONE,

AND Chromo-draughtsmen of European education and experience, give us the best talent available in that line.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY,

By new and perfect methods, gives results wonderful in beauty and rapidity of execution. This branch is applicable to the reproduction of Maps, Illustrations, and Books, whether the number required be large or small.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS

ARE fitted with the LARGEST CAMERAS and LENSES IN AMERICA, and the reproduction of Engravings, Maps, &c., is done with mathematical accuracy.

OUR PATENT CAMERA

ENABLES us to photograph buildings in any position, or of any height, without distorting their natural appearance, by preserving every upright line perpendicular.

THE ONLY STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING MACHINES IN CANADA, built by R. HOE & Co., of New York,

ARE in this establishment, which runs four Steam Lithographic Presses, three large Cylinder Type Presses, besides numerous job, steam and hand presses.

SEVERAL PATENTS IN CONNECTION WITH ELECTROTYPING

Place us ahead of the world in that Art. Printers and Publishers may rely on obtaining from us none but first-class Electrotypes, and their orders are respectfully solicited.

MAPS, PLANS, MUSIC, BOOK-WORK, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, BANK CHEQUES & NOTES, SHOW-CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS, CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS, MEDICAL, PERFUME, And other LABELS.

ARE specialties in our business; in fact, orders received for every species of Plain and Ornamental Printing, will be filled with Elegance and Despatch, at mutually satisfactory prices.

1871. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SNOW-SHOE RACES, Saturday, 11th February.

President,.....C. J. Brydges, Esq.
Vice-President,.....J. Hickson, Esq.

RACES:

1. Two miles, (open to all)
1st prize.....\$20.00
2nd ".....10.00
3rd ".....5.00
4th ".....3.00
First White man to receive.....10.00

2. Hurdle Race, over 4 hurdles, in heats.....8.00

3. One Mile, (open to all White Men in the Dominion) being the first heat for the magnificent Pipe presented by Messrs. Cohen & Lopez of this City, and valued at.....200.00

The Race is to be won by best 2 out of 3. The second heat will be run on the occasion of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Races, Saturday, the 18th inst.

NOTE.—This Pipe was manufactured in Europe expressly for this Race by order of Messrs. Cohen & Lopez, who intend handing over the Entry of the Race, and also the amounts guaranteed by this and the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, to the Montreal General Hospital.

4. Boys under 14, 1/4 mile,
1st prize.....5.00
2nd ".....3.00
3rd ".....2.00

5. 100 yards, (in heats).....Prize.....8.00

6. Quarter mile, (open to all), in heats, Prize Gold Medal

7. Club Race, 1 mile, Silver Cup, value.....20.00

8. Consolation Race, 1/4 mile,
1st prize.....5.00
2nd ".....3.00
3rd ".....2.00

The BAND of the GRAND TRUNK BRIGADE will perform during the afternoon.

REGULATIONS:

No. 7 open only to Grand Trunk Employees: other Races open to all.
Entrance Fee for all Races, excepting Nos. 1, 4 and 6, 25c. No 6 \$1.

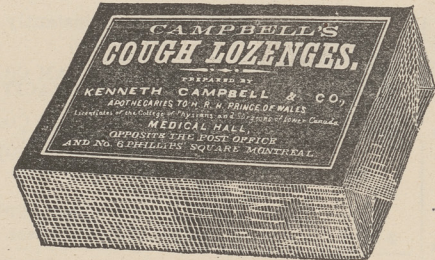
The Races will take place on the MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUND, (entrance from Sherbrooke Street,) FEBRUARY 11, 1871, commencing at 1:30 P.M.

Intending competitors for all Races excepting No. 3, must give in their names and colours to the Secretary, or Mr. O'Brien, 39 St. James Street, not later than Thursday, 9th February. Entries for No. 3 will be taken at Messrs. Cohen & Lopez's up to 6 P.M. on Friday, 10th inst. The colours registered must be adhered to.

No Snow-Shoes allowed under 10 inches. Admission to the Ground 25c. Grand Stand free.

R. WRIGHT, Treasurer. Wm. WAINWRIGHT, Secretary.
February 8 2-6-a

A. M. BUTLER, DEALER IN BALTIMORE OYSTERS, Wholesale and Retail. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS. 45 ST. JOHN STREET, Opposite Longmoore & Wilson's Printing Office, Montreal, P. Q. (SUCCESSOR TO W. J. CRAVEN.) 3-5 d



GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections.

FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH EACH BOTTLE.

PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL. [Established 1859.] 17z

FIRE-PROOF SAFES,

FITTED WITH STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS,

AND MAPPINS' UNPICKABLE POWDER-PROOF LOCKS.

WILLIAM HOBBS, 4 PLACE D'ARMES, AGENT FOR WHITFIELD & SONS, BIRMINGHAM. 20tf

BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

J. G. JOSEPH & Co, 5 King Street, E., or 46 Yonge, Toronto. 3-6-zz

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO, 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

NOTMAN & FRASER, 120 King Street, E., Toronto. 3-6-zz

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6-zz

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S NEW SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-zz

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

HABERDASHERS.

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., [ESTABLISHED 1803.] WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS, PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS, 382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 2-24-z

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street, 11tf MONTREAL.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16tf

ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE

CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. All respectable Chemists keep it. 25 Cents a box. 2-22 tf

T.F. STONEHAM MANUFACTURER OF WINDOW SHADES MONTREAL. 353 Notre Dame Street. tf

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events.

Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement.

Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance,.....\$4.00 per an., Single Numbers,.....10 cents.

Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address.

Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher.

Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

A black and white woodcut illustration depicting a scene between two men in a domestic interior. The man on the left is dressed in a heavy, dark coat and a thick scarf, leaning forward with his hands gesturing as if in conversation. The man on the right, wearing a vest and trousers, is leaning back with his hands outstretched in a similar gesture. In the background, a window is partially covered by curtains, and a sink with a faucet is visible on the right. A mirror hangs on the wall above the sink, and a large vase or urn sits on the floor in the foreground. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations, with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS
1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street
Montreal.